PRIVATE EYE

70p

No. 777
Friday
27 Sept. '91

CAREY RIOT SHOCK

"I sit on a man's back, choking him and making him carry me, and yet assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him and wish to ease his lot by all possible means – except by getting off his back."

(Leo Tolstoy)

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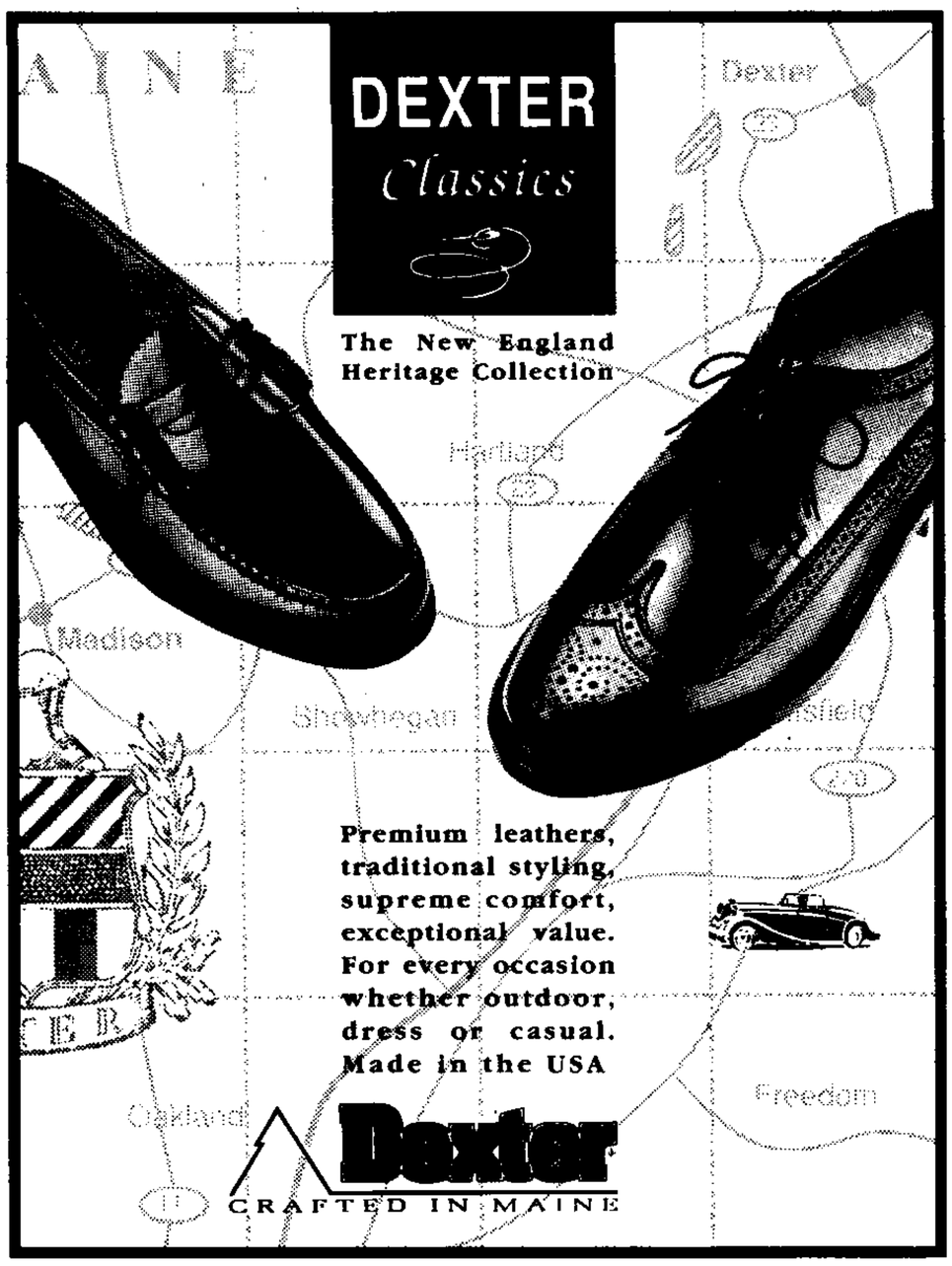

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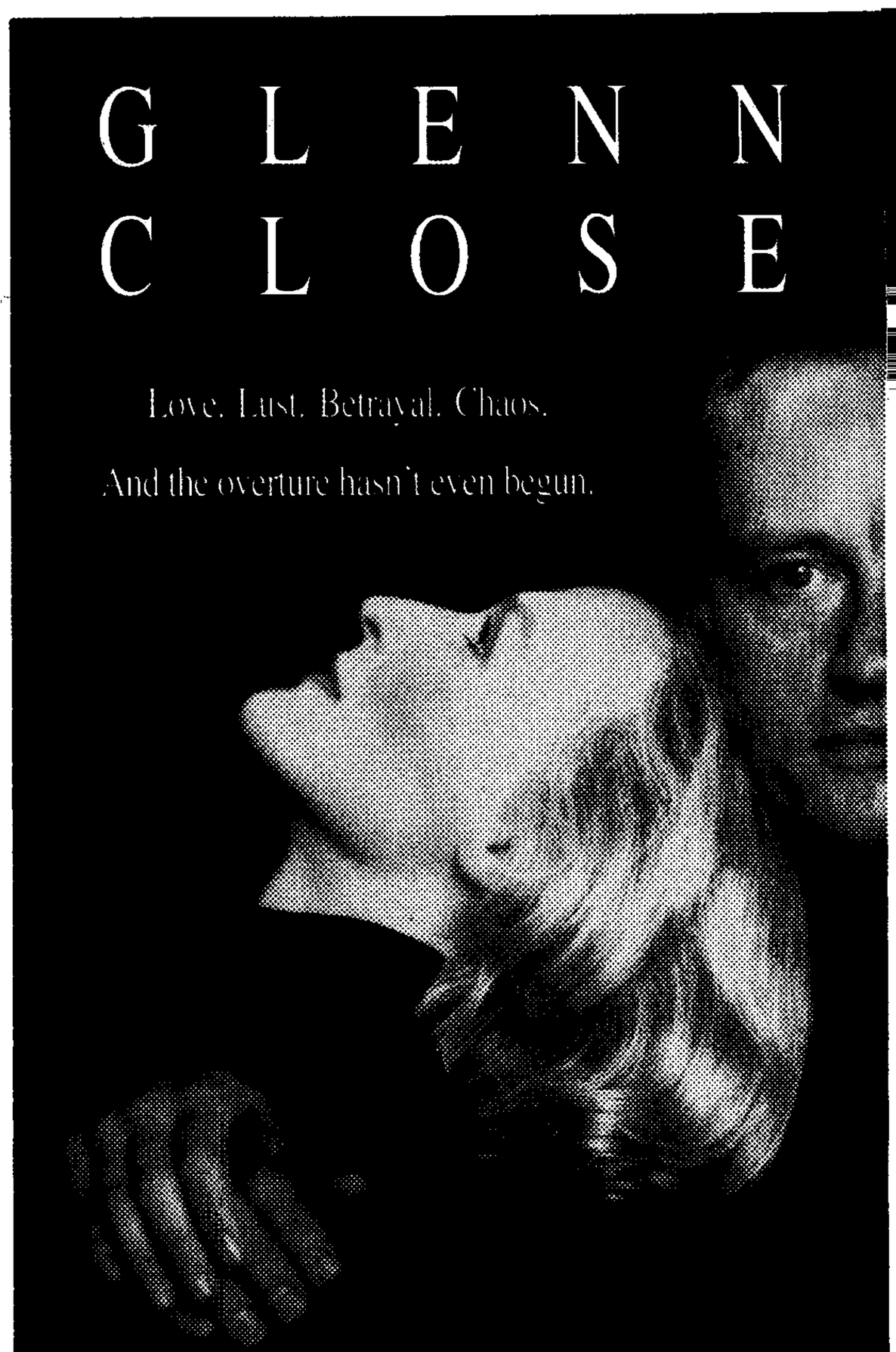

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12

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Gnome

THE BBC programme about me this week was easily the shoddiest piece of so-called journalism in the history of broadcasting.

The *Panorama* Special entitled "Gnome's Crooked Tendency" was a tissue of lies from start to finish.

Although I have not as yet seen the programme, due to my commitments in Eastern Europe, I can guarantee that every single second of it was false.

My lawyers will be issuing writs not only to the producer, director, presenter, rostrum cameramen, best boys, key grips and wardrobe assistants, but also to the whole BBC staff. In addition, I am suing every single licence-payer in the country over *Panorama*'s monstrous allegations.

I am doing this because of the distress caused to members of the Gnome Pension Scheme, which has come under the broadcasters' scrutiny. Allegations that there are any irregularities in the scheme by anyone, anywhere, ever will be met by further writs. It is an undeniable fact that the superb Gnome Pension Scheme looks after one pensioner in particular very well indeed.

E. Strobes
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From the next issue the cover price increases to 80p (still cheap), but there is *no increase* yet to the annual subscription rate of £14, so why don't you... (Order form, page 35.)

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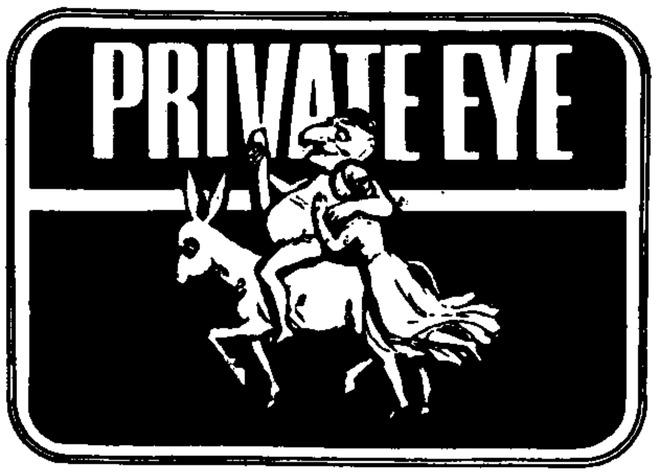


COLOUR SECTION

CAP'N BOB'S world continues to crumble. The BBC's *Panorama* has just broadcast a hostile documentary about Maxwell that alleged, among other things, that some Mirror Group pensioners had been short-changed by the Cap'n (the *Eye* has already written of Maxwell's attitude to his employees' pension funds).

The day before the programme went out, the *Sunday Mirror* carried a wonderfully pompous leader column, signed by the great man himself, under the headline: *Jackals of the BBC*. In it Maxwell declared that he didn't "give a damn what the BBC says about me..." But then swiftly added: "Of course, if they libel me they will have to pay for it..."

Maxwell's main concern, however, was not for himself. He insisted: "...I am concerned about needless anxieties which the programme may cause to pensioners in our group."

A week before the *Panorama* programme, the *Wall Street Journal* had carried a damning report on Maxwell's troubled international media business under the heading *Bloated Empire*. Not only bloated, it would seem, but tortuously complex even to those privileged to be working in senior positions within it.

For seven months, Susan Heilbron was general adviser to Maxwell Communications. But by the time of her departure she was none the wiser about the contents of the empire: "From the first day I got there I tried to get a list of all the private and public companies that Maxwell owns. When I left I still didn't have one," she told the *Journal*.

The article also quoted one Donald Fruehling, who had resigned in February as president of Maxwell Macmillan International Publishing Group after the Cap'n had given him a roasting in front of fellow executives: "He started screaming at me, 'Why in hell did you do this?' and everything had been approved by him. At the end of the session, I got up and said to him: 'You meet your financial obligations to me, and I'm leaving.' " When Maxwell was asked if he was hard to get along with, he retorted: "I get along fine with myself."

QUESTION: Why is there a secret ballot for the presidency of the United Nations' general assembly? ANSWER: So the Rolexes don't show when the delegates' arms go up.

Last week the House of Saud won possibly the only election it has ever been involved in when its UN ambassador became president. The Saudis managed to bring free market principles to international diplomacy by securing the best result money could buy.

Unaccustomed though they are to elections, the Saudis did realise that when someone takes a bribe, they may not stay bought in a secret ballot. Payment of the various offerings was thus made contingent a Saudi victory. America's lobbying for his candidacy was, of course, totally uninfluenced by the recent revelation that Operation Desert Storm only cost the US $15 billion, while the Saudis and their friends contributed $48 billion.

Other countries came more cheaply. Some were offered loans; some aid from OPEC; others were told that their UN arrears would be paid off. The last offer was particularly ironic since Saudi Arabia itself owes more than $9 million in contributions to the cash-strapped organisation.

ONE REASON the pleasure boat Marchioness keeled over with such suddenness on that fatal summer evening two years ago was its design. The problem was summed up recently by former merchant navy captain George Foulds, who is now a naval consultant:

"Many of these boats are very narrow and top-heavy," he said. "The solution would be to have far wider hulls, which comes down to how much you are prepared to pay," (*Sunday Telegraph*, 18 August).

The point has not been lost on the huge and expanding industry that peddles pleasure craft on the Thames. It was pressure from this industry which ensured that the feeble Department of Transport report on the Marchioness disaster pointedly did not recommend a wider hull for pleasure craft.

Now another government department, even deeper in the pocket of big business than the Department of Transport, if such a thing is possible — the National Rivers Authority (chairman: Lord Crickhowell, big businessman and former Tory secretary of state for Wales) — has given its views on the subject.

In a circular, *Traffic on the Thames*, which has infuriated relatives of the people who died on the Marchioness, the NRA announces that it is proposing new design standards for pleasure boats on the river. The problem, says the NRA, is the increasing number of pleasure boats, which increases pressure on space, especially at the locks. Its solution is to propose a maximum size for pleasure boats. "We will encourage people to use boats no larger than the following maximum dimensions," it states, and then lays down a maximum width of three metres — just the sort of narrow base which leads to the top heaviness Captain Foulds was talking about.

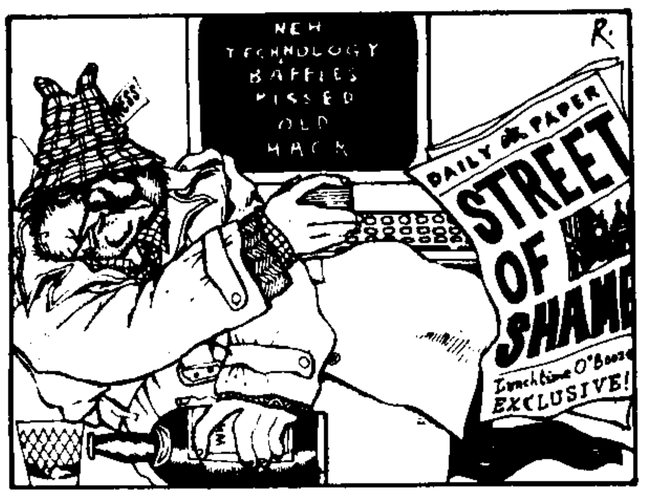
The NRA goes on to say that people can use larger boats, but will be very heavily charged for them. Thus all the incentive is for smaller beams, more top-heaviness — and more accidents like the one which killed 51 people in the Marchioness.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The next issue (11 October) is *Private Eye*'s 30th anniversary. To celebrate, it will have a glossy colour cover, a few more pages and, inserted in the middle, a specially reprinted copy of the *very first issue*.

Don't miss it!

"We can't ALL be opinion pollsters?"



AFTER Sir Perishing Worthless's farewell dinner at the Garrick Club, three hardy souls were left propping up the bar when everyone else had staggered home: John Major's neanderthal biographer Bruce "Brute" Anderson, veteran hack Ronald Payne, and sinister Canadian tycoon Conrad Black, who owns the *Telegraph*.

At chucking-out time, Payne suggested they should repair to his flat — where an increasingly tired and emotional Anderson regaled them with his (low) opinions of what had happened to the *Sunday Telegraph* since he was sacked from it last year. "The paper's run for homosexuals," the burly Brute kept complaining. "Poofs, queers, nancy boys..."

Eventually Black had had enough. "What's the matter with you, Bruce?" he demanded, fixing the colossal hack with a steely glare. "Are you homosexual yourself, by any chance?"

The voluble Anderson suddenly fell strangely silent.

IT SEEMS that Robert Maxwell has once again been extending the hand of friendship to dubious dignitaries in Eastern Europe.

This time the lucky recipient is Andrei Loukanov, who became prime minister of Bulgaria in June last year. Though he was overthrown in November, he remains deputy head of the Bulgarian Socialist Party and wields considerable power in parliament. Loukanov now claims to be a "reformist" but is seen by the opposition in Bulgaria as a hardline Communist.

He confirmed this reputation when, on the Monday of the Soviet *coup*, he came out in favour of the Moscow hardliners, along with Mr Sharapov, the Soviet ambassador in Sofia. By Thursday, when the *coup* had collapsed, Loukanov had wisely disappeared. Two weeks later he was seen at Sofia airport boarding an Austrian airlines flight for London, via Vienna, with his wife. The Bulgarian embassy in London was tipped off about his imminent arrival in Britain. It, along with others, were keen to establish just what he had been up to in the crucial days after the *coup*. But no one could find him.

It now seems that the elusive Bulgar may have spent the weekend of 7/8 September at — surprise! — Headington Hill Hall, as the house-guest of Cap'n Bob. A spokesman for Maxwell refused to comment last week, but Loukanov himself confirmed the story to a fellow MP in Sofia.

This is not the first example of Maxwell's generosity to Bulgarian communists, of course. For many years he sucked up to Todor Zhivkov, the dictator who specialised in bumping off his critics with poisoned umbrellas, hailing him as a "statesman" and publishing sycophantic biographies of the old brute. Cap'n Bob also set up the British branch of the Lyudmila Zhivkova Foundation, a "cultural" outfit named after the despot's daughter.

Zhivkov is now on trial in Bulgaria for corruption. Strangely, Maxwell has not yet come forward to defend his old chum in his hour of need. Instead, he has coyly renamed the Lyudmila Zhivkova organisation: its London branch, run from Maxwell's office, now hides under the mysterious title of "the Foundation of St Cyril and St Methodius".

MEANWHILE, regular readers of *Playboy* may have a nasty turn when they discover that the star attraction in the October issue is not some gorgeous pouting temptress but the buxom Cap'n Bob, who is spread over no fewer than 11 pages of the mag. Fortunately, he keeps his clothes on, but the accompanying interview is most revealing.

Maxwell informs *Playboy* that he is a confidant and roving ambassador for any number of world leaders. Last autumn, he says, the Israeli PM Yitzhak Shamir "sent me to America to see your new President to see what we could do about putting relations right". Later, during the Gulf War, "many governments in Europe called on me to intercede with Shamir". ("Mr Shamir and I have an identical policy," he adds modestly.)

According to Maxwell's recollection, he more or less ran the Gulf War — albeit behind the scenes. "I was in touch with all the actors," he says. "Bush to Assad to Gorbachev to Shamir. I met with them and spoke with them on the phone." Did he advise Shamir not to retaliate against the Scud attacks? "I did. Let me put it this way: I applied heavy pressure in that regard and it was taken very seriously. Were I not to have applied that pressure, events might have evolved very differently." Meanwhile, he was "encouraging Bush and his administration to finish off this guy [Saddam]", while simultaneously keeping Gorbachev in line.

Maxwell becomes slightly irritated when the interviewer asks whether he sees himself as a "lobbyist" in his dealings with Gorbachev. "I'm no lobbyist," he explains. "I am an adviser to Gorbachev — one of his two non-Russian advisers. The other one is a German called Christiansen."

He is rather less boastful when asked about his previous close liaisons with dictators such as Ceausescu and Zhivkov. Referring to the hagiographies of them which Cap'n Bob published in the 1980s, the interviewer suggests that "you've been highly criticised for some of those books".

Maxwell's reply is brief and unashamed: "I don't give a fuck."

IT APPEARS that Lee Eisenberg, editor-in-chief of the flailing *Esquire* magazine, is cultivating his mid-Atlantic persona a little too assiduously. Not content with developing an absurd hybrid accent, he now seems to have decided to take up residence somewhere in the middle of the pond.

When one telephones *Esquire*'s London office, one is told "Mr Eisenberg has left. He now works at the New York office." However, in New York they are telling callers: "Mr Eisenberg works at our London office."

IT'S BEEN spend, spend, spend since Eve Pollard took over as editor of the *Sunday Express* and it appears La Bollard has been a little too profligate.

Indeed, in her first 10 weeks she managed to go £100,000 over budget and has now been told to get on with editing the paper. This means there will be a war of attrition waged by her lackey Craig "Bogbrush" McKenzie against staff the management wants to sack but cannot yet afford to pay off.

Among the first to suffer may be Rowena Webster, the news editor, who, it is being canvassed, should be replaced by the glamorous Chris Blackhurst, current City editor.

YET another multi-million-pound cheque from *La Repubblica* and *El Pais* was gratefully accepted by *Indescribablyboring* directors at an extraordinary board meeting last Monday.

Afterwards Andreas Whittam Strobes nimbly glided over the fact that his original unbreakable rule of "independence" — whereby no one could own more than 15 per cent of the paper — had been quietly jettisoned. (Between them, the Spaniards and Italians now own 42 per cent.) The new investment, he said, would secure the company's future.

If he is so confident, it seems surprising that Strobes and his sidekick Matthew Symonds aren't prepared to put their money where their mouths are. The document setting out the terms of the rights issue — which some kind soul has sent to the *Eye* — reveals that "the founder shareholders who are executive directors of the Company [ie, Strobes and Symonds] will not be taking up their entitlements".

In other words, instead of staking their own money in the rights issue, Strobes and his bouffant-haired chum have persuaded *La Repubblica* and *El Pais* to grant them share options — amounting to 2 per cent of the issued share capital — which can be exercised at any time between September 1994 and September 1996 at a price of £2.50 a share. This is, of course, an entirely risk-free bet: if the share price is lower than £2.50 by 1994 or 1995, Strobes and Symonds can simply decline to take up their options; if it is higher, they make an instant profit without investing a penny in saving the company.

Meanwhile the company's flotation — when long-suffering *Indie* staff can exercise the modest share options they were given when the paper launched, and which was supposed to take place three years ago — now seems to have been postponed indefinitely. And last Friday, only four days after the huge cash injection, St Andreas ordered all department heads to cut their budgets by 30 per cent forthwith.

In some sections this will be easy enough: the *Indie*'s books pages, for instance, can save 30 per cent of their costs simply by not commissioning any more reviews from Anthony Burgess. But elsewhere it may be harder. God forbid that tubby pundit Peter Jenkins might have to reduce his legendary bar-bills from the Garrick Club...

SOON after Garry Bushell joined the *Sun* in 1985, as a junior hack on John Blake's "Bizarre" column, editor Kelvin Mackenzie discovered he had been a member of the Socialist Workers' Party. "You're fired!" Kelvin yelled. "You're too fucking left-wing for us."

Bushell then threw himself on the mercy of the then deputy editor Roy Greenslade, tearfully explaining that if he lost his job, he and his wife would be unable to pay the rent on their council flat in south London, and would probably starve. "Please don't sack me," he whimpered.

And thus he was reprieved to commence his career as the *Sun*'s most yobbish columnist — a career that ended last Monday when Bushell told Kelvin he had been offered a job at the *Star*. "Get out!" yelled the editor. "Fuck off now! You're too fucking right-wing for us anyway." Mackenzie then announced (apparently seriously) that he was going to hire Red Ken Livingstone as a columnist.

There was a further explosion from the editor the following afternoon when the absent Bushell contrived to get a global message broadcast on the Atex computer system giving details of his leaving party. In spite of his frenzied efforts, Kelvin was unable to delete the message and had to call an Atex man to do it.

What is most infuriating for Kelvin, however, is that Bushell attended a Wapping "think tank" the Thursday before he defected to the *Star*, and is therefore acquainted with all the *Sun*'s plans up until Christmas.

CAPT. BOB
WHAT'S THIS?
THEY SAY THAT THE COMPANIES IN MAXWELL COMMUNICATIONS AND ROBT. MAXWELL GROUP HAVE NO 'SYNERGY'... NOTHING IN COMMON!
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
THEY'RE ALL LOSING MONEY!
WALL ST JOURNA

WHATEVER the Westminster magic circle may think, it is now impossible for John Major to opt for an autumn election without looking like a prize chump.

Kenneth Baker, who was removed from the key post of Conservative party chairman by Major, has made it plain that he favours November, while his replacement, Chris Patten, is opting for next spring.

If Major were now to agree with Baker and go to the polls in November, the Tories would want to know why he had ignored the advice of his own party chairman — who should be uniquely well place to advise on the state of the party — in favour of Thatcher's appointee.

THE "composure" of the Shadow Cabinet during the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* "Hate Kinnock" week was limited only to an agreement not to attack Kinnock himself. It did not extend to any sort of agreement not to attack each other.

The chief loser of the panic rank-breaking which followed was Labour's campaign coordinator and spokesman for the environment, Jack Cunningham. Fast and furious were the leaks that Labour's poor showing in the polls in August was due entirely to the decision of the campaign coordinator to go on holiday.

Most of the anti-Cunningham bile could be traced to the office of Labour's deputy leader, Roy Hattersley, whose official role as home affairs spokesman should, he feels, not in any way restrict his right to range over all political issues in the run-up to an election. This view is strongly resisted by the Cunningham camp, which feels the running of the campaign should be left entirely to the campaign coordinator. Much of Kinnock's time and effort have been taken up trying to mediate between his two senior colleagues.

As in most mud fights, however, the mud has almost all been thrown in the wrong direction. Jack Cunningham can consider himself very lucky on two counts. In August, Albright and Wilson, a big chemical firm with a huge works in his Cumbrian constituency of Copeland, was convicted and fined the maximum £2,000 for spilling the most revolting pollutants into the Irish Sea. The case was brought after complaints by the Irish government, which is fed up with the rubbish being pushed in its direction by polluting firms on Britain's West Coast. The Irish also protested (more secretly) to the Labour Party about the role of Cunningham, who is not only the local MP but on Albright and Wilson's payroll. Cunningham steadfastly refused to say how much he is paid, or to agree to give his payment up.

Hard on the heels of this unhappy conviction came the decision at the Glasgow TUC by a majority even bigger than last year demanding that the next Labour government phase out nuclear power stations and stop importing radioactive rubbish from Europe. Cunningham has always been an enthusiast for nuclear power and especially for another firm in his constituency — the state-owned British Nuclear Fuels, which runs the plant at Sellafield and handles nuclear detritus from all over Europe.

He was not available for comment after the TUC decision (perhaps that was why he was on holiday); but if the feud between him and Hattersley gets any worse, the relationship between his pecuniary association with polluting firms and his commitment to a "cleaner Britain under Labour" may be openly called into question.

FOLLOWING the *Eye*'s recent revelations, the Charity Commissioners are now zealously investigating goings-on at the Institute of Economic Affairs, a right-wing think tank which — for no very obvious reason — has charitable status.

The ferocious in-fighting between the IEA's Thatcherite old guard (led by Arthur Seldon and Lord Harris of High Cross) and the Majorite new regime (led by Graham Mather and Lord Vinson) guarantees that there is no shortage of mischievous leaks.

The latest discovery is particularly piquant. Despite its hatred of lame ducks and welfarism, and its insistence on standing on one's own two feet, the institute has in fact been "subsidising" Arthur Seldon for many years. In the mid-1970s, we now learn, he received a substantial five-figure sum when the institute quietly "bought" a stake in his mock-Tudor house at Godden Green, Sevenoaks. He still lives there (with his crazily right-wing wife, Marjorie), but from that day to this has never paid a penny in rent or interest on the part of the house that "belongs" to the IEA.

This looks suspiciously like a wheeze to smuggle more of the charity's tax-exempt dosh into Seldon's pocket. No doubt there is another explanation. Even so, the spoilsport Charity Commissioners may now force Seldon to repay the investment at today's prices — a "market solution" that might not appeal to the veteran free-marketeer as much as school vouchers, commercial blood transfusions and all the other batty schemes his institute has espoused over the years.

AS Michael Forsyth, Scottish health minister, is pressed back against the ropes on hospital privatisation (the Liberal Democrats are accusing him of "shady dealing" in financial inducements), the tartan Labour Party has managed to shoot itself in the foot.

It appears that one of their own, Lord Ennals, an MP for 20 years and a former health and social services minister, has joined a private health care company in Scotland fronted by a Tory politician.

Michael Hirst, who is president of the Scottish Conservative and Unionist Association (the voluntary side of the party) and is trying to regain the commuter-belt seat of Bearsden that he carelessly lost to Sam Galbraith, opposition health spokesman, is also a director of Takare Ltd along with Ennals.

Takare is involved in a controversial scheme to build a granny farm for the retired blue-rinses of Glasgow. But despite turning in a profit of more than £3 million last year, Takare has seen fit to pay Ennals "only" £7,500 a year. But despite this part-time pittance, Neil Kinnock's Scottish brothers are fuming at Ennals's attitude.

MPS AND sketch writers at Westminster are already chuckling out loud at the news that the absurd Lady Olga Maitland has been selected to stand for the Conservatives in the safe Tory seat of Sutton and Cheam in Surrey.

They know it can only be a matter of time before she puts her foot it — remember her mad pressure group, Mothers and Babies For Nuclear War? — and picks up where Edwina Currie left off.

The only blot on the horizon could be provided by the Surrey voters themselves. Although the senile *Sunday Express* recently screamed at them: "The people of Sutton and Cheam could have no more fearless fighter on their side," the rag had of course itself only just sacked Lady Olga for being so pisspoor.

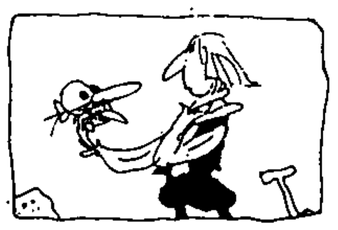
And if she's not good enough for the appalling *Getsworse*, perhaps the Surrey electorate will sack her too.

'Backbiter'

Cult Corner

THE GOVERNMENT'S attempts to give "impartial" advice to worried relatives of cult members through the Home Office-funded Inform group has received another boost with the news that its honorary director, Dr Eileen Barker (see *Eyes passim*), is to support the Moonies in a forthcoming libel action.

The globe-trotting Dr Barker, former sociology teacher at the London School of Economics, will fly to Geneva next week to give evidence on behalf of the controversial cult which has been accused of brainwashing its members.



LUVVIES

Miss Maughan insisted she would never agree to the couple being married.

"I want to keep it on the level it's at," she said. "I want it to show a modern woman who can be independent and not tied down to a man. Many lines have come up where we might discuss marriage but I've said that I don't want that. A woman should not be tied to the kitchen sink if she doesn't wish to be and the character I play, I think, does not wish to be.

"If they ever take away the independence of my character, that is when I would say goodbye."

SHARON MAUGHAN
on the Gold Blend advertisements
Daily Mail

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 for contributions.

Inform was founded by Dr Barker to monitor new religious movements and has received some healthy injections of government cash. According to Home Office minister Lord Ferrers, the idea was that Inform would expose the true nature of the cults. As *Eye* readers are already aware, the success of the project can be judged by the fact that Dr Barker has been congratulated at a meeting in America for her work in "neutralising" the anti-cult movement in the UK and has been to a Unification "Church" conference where her expenses were met by the Moonies.

Now the good doctor is to be a key witness for the Moonies in a libel action being brought by the "church" against *La Suisse* newspaper, the Swiss anti-cult organisation SADK, and its president Mrs Elspeth Bates. The cult claims an article in *La Suisse* accusing them of brainwashing, encouraging recruits who want to leave the "church" to commit suicide and that the cult was involved in prostitution, was defamatory.

The case is being vigorously defended and is expected to last until mid-October. Already the Moonies, mindful no doubt of their embarrassing defeat in a similar action against the *Mail* in 1981, have decided not to proceed for defamation on the allegation of brainwashing.

Another Briton, Terry McNeill, head of the Department of Political Science at Hull University, who is a strong supporter of the Moonie backed ICF and who has just returned from a series of ICF-backed summer schools in Eastern Europe, will also give evidence for the cult.

WORLD OF SPORT

THE caring, compassionate promoter/manager Mickey Duff, who is backing Frank Bruno's one-eyed boxing comeback, was equally caring and compassionate the night last year that Michael Watson, whom he then managed, took a beating from world champion Mike McCallum.

Watson was knocked out in the eleventh round, well after he had lost any real chance of winning.

Duff is now promoting a possible third heavyweight title fight for the likeable but limited Bruno. Those who recall the previous two will remember the punishment a two-eyed Bruno took, first from Tim Witherspoon and then from Mike Tyson.

Most boxing hacks only seem to want to remember the one time Bruno hurt Tyson. But then they — like Bruno — also overlook the has-beens and never-weres upon which Duff built his reputation. They also forget the knockout by "Bonecruncher" Smith and the near knockout by "Jumbo" Cummings.

But then boxing is increasingly like show business — except in show business nobody dies.

■ THE DEMPSTER hoax has been a great success. But who looked most foolish?

● Pratt-Dumpster? For falling for such an obvious ruse and then running the story entirely unchecked after years of lecturing others about "professional journalism"? And subsequently refusing to admit that he had been conned?

● A.N. Wilson? For writing a huge why-oh-why piece about Dempster's "revelations" in the *Evening Standard before* the hoax was revealed? (Written actually before Dempster's piece even appeared.)

● The *Evening Standard*? For refusing to accept that it was a hoax and instead commissioning Peter McKay to churn out one of his "Why-*Private-Eye*-isn't-any-good-since-I-was-sacked" pieces.

● The *Sunday Telegraph*? For letting McKay write this piece *again* for them, with no mention of his pitiful attempts to become *Eye* editor himself after Ingrams?

● A.N. Wilson? Again? For writing a private letter of apology to Ingrams midweek about how he hadn't wanted to write the *Standard* piece in the first place and how he was pressured into it.

● A.N. Wilson? Yet again? For a subsequent and extraordinarily intemperate attack on the *Eye* in the *Sunday Torygraph*, having been made to look an idiot all week.

● All of the above?

Answers on a postcard please.

THERE is discord in the groves of Academe — well, in the English department of London's gothic University College, anyway — where the deathly figure of Professor Karl Miller, co-editor of *The London Review of Books*, still stalks the corridors.

For years now the temperamental professor has been threatening to resign over the slightest thing — and he has finally been taken at his word. John Sutherland has even been recalled from California to take charge.

Miller, meanwhile, shuffles around the department cutting dead all those whom he suspects of engineering his removal. The result is that readers of *The London Review of Books* can now look forward to a surfeit of his tortured prose.

THE TITLE of World's Worst Diarist (apart, of course, from Pratt-Dumpster who is disqualified on the grounds of too many previous victories) was won last year by indefatigable toper Tim Satchell. This year, I am pleased to announce, a strong bid is being put in by John Walsh, the man "responsible" for the New Grub Street gossip column in the *Sunset Times*.

On 15 September, Walsh's diary carried a story about President Bush writing an obituary of his old friend Dean Burch, the Republican elder statesman, and a joke about what it must have been like when he rang up the paper to file his copy and gave his name as George Bush. "Is that staff?" the copy-taker is thought to have said. The very same item, complete with joke, had appeared a month beforehand in Joanna Coles's diary in *The Guardian*.

Walsh's pisspoor effort the following Sunday included a report of the Everyman publishing launch party at Spencer House and observed wittily that this was "one of the few Spencer family possessions not yet traded in".

I am sorry to have to inform John that Spencer House is in fact owned by Jacob Rothschild. Doubts as to whether Walsh even attended the event were raised by the bracketing together of Craig Raine and James Fenton as "high-profile bearded poets". Tut, tut! Fenton shaved off his beard years ago.

Pseuds Corner

From Sir Nicholas Fairbairn, QC, MP for Perth and Kinross (Conservative)

Sir, Pondering the courage of Boris Yeltsin during the coup, I recalled the words of Thomas Muir in the Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh in 1793 and cast in stone on the great obelisk of Calton cemetery, which overlooks St Andrew's House, Scotland's nearest to the Lubyanka:

"I have devoted myself to the cause of the people; it is a good cause; it shall ultimately prevail; it shall finally triumph."

It has taken 74 years to prove the great truth of Muir's sagacity. God bless Mother Russia.

Letter to The Times

To have a restaurant culture there has to have been a unified nation with a court cuisine and an aristocracy to develop an haute cuisine.

PAUL LEVY
Observer

I have been hauled over the coals for treating her [Daphne du Maurier] too favourably in my portrait of her in *Friends and Contemporaries*. That may be so. But there is a further paradox here. I am such a hopeless highbrow that I only like Virginia Woolf. It was precisely because Daphne was not really my cup of tea that I did my best for her.

A.L. ROWSE
The Spectator

I see hell as a male place. I do not see women in it.

JACQUI CARROLL
The Australian

The tunes, built upon titanic choruses, are custom-crafted for audience participation. Participate they did, deconstructing the choruses down to a series of la-la-las that implied a religious ecstasy too profound for articulate speech. Or perhaps they didn't know the words. On numbers such as "Don't You (Forget About Me)" and "Stand By Love", this was rather moving.

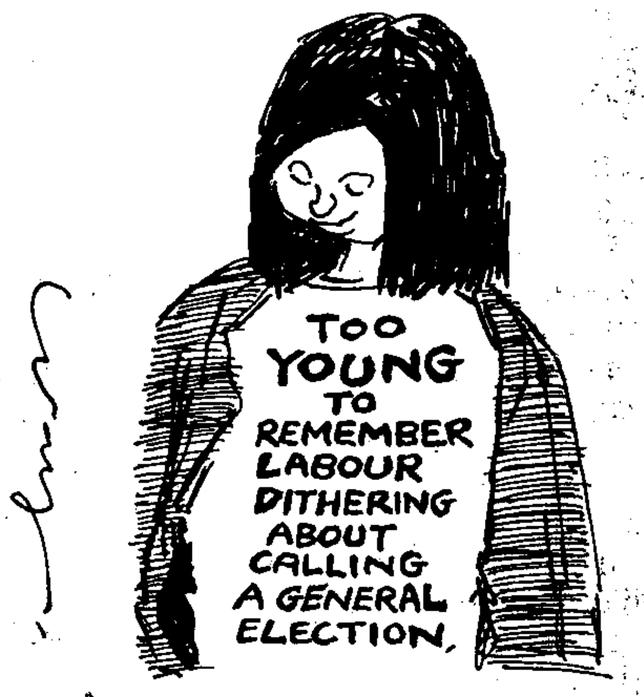
CAROLINE SULLIVAN
(on Simple Minds)
The Times

It can be argued that the synergy between post-industrialism and postmodernism is really a reconceptualisation of the complexity of the links between knowledge and its institutions and environment, a new account of an old condition.

PETER SCOTT
Times Higher Ed. Sup.

CONTRIBUTORS: John Wheeler, Oliver Whelehan, John Hart, P.A. Cosgrove, Jack Forsyth, Susan Short.

£10 paid for entries



SIR Edward du Cann was made a most interesting offer, I learn, before he stepped down as chairman of Tiny Rowland's Lonrho empire.

A former member of the SAS, returning from Zimbabwe, had in his possession a copy of the Rhodesian special branch's not-so tiny file on Sir Edward's boss and via intermediaries — and for a price — it was offered to du Cann.

No one at Lonrho bothered to reply to the offer — presumably because staff there knew all the references to sanctions-busting would have been fabricated, or because they knew that the all-powerful Tiny has had his own copy of the file for many years!

Elsewhere on the continent, the dread hand of Lonrho can be detected in the continuing skirmishes between the Frelimo government in Mozambique and the South African-CIA backed terrorists, Renamo.

Lonrho runs its own private army in Mozambique using British, Rhodesian and South African mercenaries to protect its various enterprises. I gather that this "army's" previous leader, Anthony "Ant" White, devised a neat scheme for pacifying Renamo: he bought poached ivory from them and sold it on through South Africa.

The scheme worked well until the Renamo bandits got uppity when White and his cronies shortchanged them. Subsequently, Lonrho became the subject of the occasional attack. Matters seem to have been resolved, however, with the recent appointment of another Rhodesian called Garth Barrett. Has Garth resumed payment for poached ivory? I'm sure Mr Rowland will be absolutely furious if he has!

● *DESPITE his well-publicised financial problems, I still find it hard to think of the Rt Hon Sir Edward du Cann KBE as a "late payer" — particularly when such trifling sums as £25,000 are involved.*

That, however, is apparently what he has owed for some months now to a private dealer in Victoriana for an array of political memorabilia — Disraeli mugs and suchlike — of which, I gather, du Cann of Worms is inordinately fond. A writ for payment has now been issued by the seller

Pip Pip!

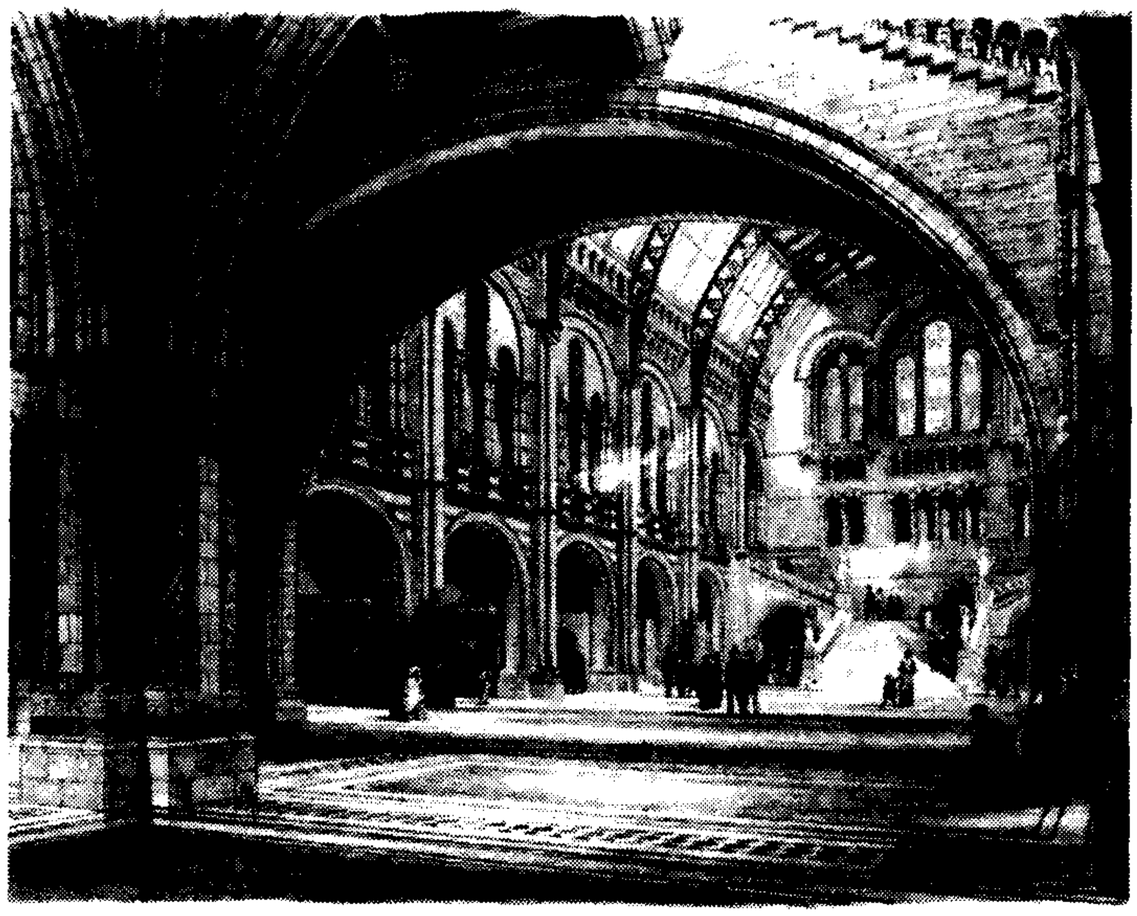
NOOKS and CORNERS

THE Natural History Museum, that great terracotta-clad Victorian building by Alfred Waterhouse, has appeared more than once in this column because those in charge — the director, Neil Chalmers, and his dynamic sidekick, the exhibition designer Robert Miles — think the building is an irrelevance when not a positive liability to their schemes for popularising boring, stuffy old natural history.

Back in the early 80s, they tried to destroy many of Waterhouse's fine, well-lit and practical galleries but, fortunately, were thwarted. Now their aim is to cover up as much of the architecture as possible.

Last year, the whizzy, hi-tech Ecology Show was erected in Waterhouse's South-East Gallery. Although — unfortunately — it enjoys crown exemption from needing listed building consent, the museum was gracious enough to consult the local authority and English Heritage about this intrusive design — albeit two months after work began — as they are required to do under DoE circular 18/84. Now, for the next scheme, Messrs Chalmers and Miles seem disinclined even to go through the motions of consultation, arguing that what is proposed for the interior of the South-West Gallery is not an "alteration".

They propose to replace the former Bird Gallery with dinosaurs (incidentally pushing the birds into the upstairs Mineral Gallery, which is at present remarkable for retaining all the original display cases.) Messrs Imagination Ltd have come up with a design for inserting a mezzanine floor the whole length of the gallery, hanging the dinosaurs on cables, and placing the all-important shop under the mezzanine immediately to the left of the museum's main entrance. This, of course, will block the splendid vista to east and west that the visitor enjoys upon entering the building. Work has already begun on this: Waterhouse's internal terracotta, crawling with sculptured creatures, has been cleaned — and damaged, because the contract time was reduced by the museum.



Architecture is not everything, and perhaps a Victorian museum has to be brought kicking and screaming into the 20th century. But the vandalism already executed and proposed must be evaluated against a more general background: one in which research scientists are sacked while the museum's marketing men take themselves off to Disneyland to find ideas for new displays. Surely a compromise can be achieved between the continuing integrity of one of the finest Victorian buildings in Europe and the needs for more modern and appealing display techniques? Instead architecture, along with learning, is being sacrificed to tawdry commercialised populism.

But the most interesting question is, who — in these straitened times — is paying for all these expensive interventions? Step forward Britain's most socially acceptable jailbird, Gerald Ronson, and the Heron Corporation. Our Gerald was not required to resign as a trustee of the museum during his unfortunate retirement from public life necessitated by his over-enthusiastic promotion of Thatcherite values. Now, presumably. the museum is getting its reward for such compassionate tolerance.

A FEW points have escaped public attention in the great Raine Spencer Althorp Asset Stripping controversy:

First, for the former Lady Lewisham to claim that Althorp was in poor condition when she became its chatelaine is a gross slur on the reputation of the 7th earl. The late Jack Spencer was a difficult man, but he cared about architecture and was genuinely concerned about the future of historic buildings. In the 50s and 60s a thorough restoration of the house was carried out by Stephen Dykes Bower — with considerable help from public funds — and the interiors were left immaculate. More important, what his dopey son inherited was a house with authentic Georgian rooms, in contrast to the smart brothel-style decor introduced by the Wicked Stepmother.

Secondly, Jack Spencer's integrity is shown by the survival of his London mansion. Spencer House in St James's might well have gone the way of Devonshire House, Chesterfield House, Dorchester House and all the other "private palaces" sold for redevelopment by their greedy owners between the wars. Instead, the 7th earl let Spencer House for commercial occupation and removed the splendid chimney pieces to Althorp for safekeeping. This meant that it was possible for Jacob Rothschild recently to restore Spencer House and bring this stunning Georgian mansion into the public realm.

But when Rothschild's architects and restorers asked to see the Spencer House chimney pieces at Althorp, Raine at first refused access and then only allowed them to make measured drawings, so that replicas could be carved, after the payment of a substantial fee for the privilege. Such is the concern for our architectural heritage now demonstrated by the former chairman of the Greater London Council's historic buildings committee.

'Piloti'

LIBEL NEWS

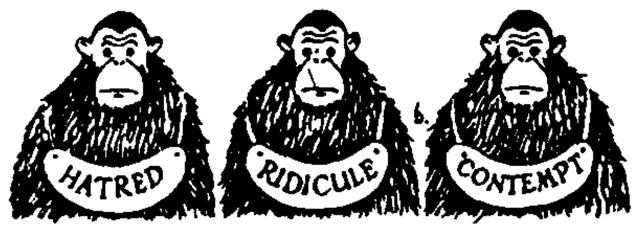
A CRUCIAL case is expected in the Belfast high court in the next fortnight: that of Hermon v Yorkshire Television, in which Sir John Hermon, former chief constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, is suing Yorkshire Television for its drama documentary last year on the Stalker scandal, *Shoot To Kill.*

Sir John, who is depicted in the documentary, claims he has been libelled in the most monstrous fashion, and even suggests that the programme branded him as a murderer of his own policemen.

The case is being seen as a test of the question which has long perturbed lawyers on the mainland: namely whether the separation of the high court in Belfast from the high court in London makes it more or less likely that justice will be seen to be done.

The sectarian divide in Northern Ireland is often apparent in the courts in Northern Ireland. In many criminal cases, this has been solved by doing away with juries altogether, and leaving the judges to sit on their own. But in libel cases, juries are still called. They are only seven strong and (as with everything else in Northern Ireland) the christian names and addresses of the jury are likely to betray their most crucial characteristic: their religion.

Whether an Orange-dominated jury would ever come to a verdict which was hostile to a pillar of their establishment — like the chief constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary — is still unclear.



Certainly, journalists from outside the Northern Ireland legal fraternity have found it very difficult to get what they believe to be a fair hearing from the Belfast high court, from which, incidentally, there is a full right of appeal — to the Belfast court of appeal.

The atmosphere of introspection and bias is not improved by English barristers and lawyers *never* being instructed, and thus a few firms in the province dominate all proceedings. The old trouser-leg effect does not help either. This monopoly is now under threat from the European Commission, whose new rules for 1992 may allow lawyers from anywhere in Europe full rights of representation and access across the continent.

One curious outcome of the Hermon case, incidentally, is that the jury may be the first people in Northern Ireland to see Yorkshire's documentary. Those heroic champions of a free media, the directors of Ulster Television, took one look at it and promptly decided it was far too strong for the people of Northern Ireland and banned it.

The *Eye* can reveal that whatever the results of the action, the same sort of issues from the Stalker scandal are likely to be heard in rather different surroundings. John Thorburn, former head of Manchester CID and Stalker's No 2 on the inquiry into the "shoot to kill" allegations, has himself sued Sir John Hermon for libel in remarks allegedly made by the former chief constable about Thorburn's role in the investigation. When this case comes to court — and Mr Thorburn, apparently, is very determined — it will be heard by a 12-strong London jury whose religion will not be considered relevant by anyone.

AVARICIOUS libel solicitor Peter Carter-Fuck may well shed a tear or two when the report on libel by Lord Justice Neil is finally published.

Neil's committee has received a submission from the world's most flamboyant solicitor, Oscar "Studs" Beuselinck, who along with libel solicitor Geoffrey Bindman has long campaigned for parties to libel actions to have their costs taxed.

If this proposal is adopted by the Government, it would mean that lawyers like Carter-Fuck would not be able to force high costs on to a defendant as a level of settlement without them being looked over.

Carter-Fuck is notorious for his high fees and has them substantially reduced when taxed — as was the case with David Tudor Roberts when he sued the *Eye*. Carter-Fuck's bill was reduced from a whopping ninety grand down to a modest forty.

ETVE

CHANNEL 4 SPECIAL

Out And Out Grade

PRESS reports of the recent snouts-in-the-trough scandal involving top Channel 4 executives ("Trebles and six-figure pay increases all round!") told only half the story.

While programme budgets have been slashed, C4 supremo Michael Grade generously threatened to jump ship unless he was immediately paid a bonus of half-a-million pounds. The board caved in to his blackmail, while another half-a-million was shared out between his loyal deputy Liz Forgan, Fat Controller John Willis, light entertainment controller Andrea Wonfor, head of finance David Scott (the man who invested £5 million with BCCI 10 seconds before it went bust), ageing lothario and legal boss Colin Leventhal, and the big bruiser Frank McGettigan (*Who he? Ed.*)

This thunderbolt took lowly C4 employees by surprise. At the weekly meeting where commissioning editors discuss the preceding week's programmes, an angry David Lloyd (current affairs) threw caution to the winds, refused to stick to the agenda and demanded an explanation from ashen-faced Forgan. Lloyd described the pay-offs as a disgrace and counter to the ethos of the channel.

He was strongly backed by Waldemar Januscak (arts) and others. Even Peter Moore (documentaries), a creature of the Fat Controller, was heard to inquire: "Could someone please tell me who was trying to poach Frank McGettigan?" (*Who he? Ed.*) The meeting ended in uproar.

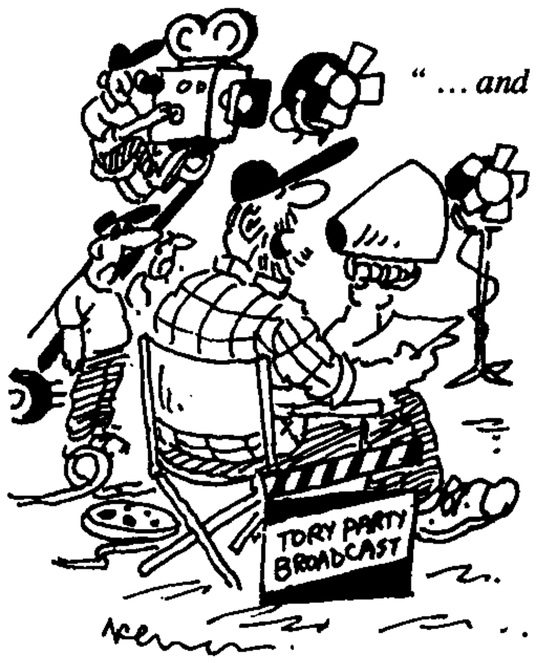
The next day Grade and friends were pilloried in the press and every floor in Charlotte Street was abuzz. Grade called a meeting of commissioning editors on Monday to explain his position. Meanwhile Forgan, shaken by the response and incapable of dealing with the editors' mutiny, began to insult secretaries and other lowly employees. In the press office there were whispers that Forgan was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. These turned out to be highly exaggerated.

On Monday 16 September, the commissioning editors met at 5pm and elected Lloyd to speak on their behalf. An hour later the golden handcuff brigade walked into the board room, looking distinctly shifty and sheepish. Lloyd's opening remarks were judicious, but firm. The decision to pay themselves was immoral given the cuts in programme budgets. For two years they had been kept in the dark about the amount of money available, etc etc. Steve Garett (yoof) was sharper. He was shocked that Grade and the controllers were in it for the money. The creeping commercialisation would have disastrous effects. He demanded that the decision be reversed. The channel was in a state of utter demoralisation thanks to the antics of Grade and the money-men.

An extremely nervous Grade hummed and hawed for half-an-hour. "I'm worth half a million!" he declared to his stony-faced editors and went on to describe his personal circumstances: his divorce: the loss of his house; his separation from a subsequent partner; the loss of another house. Fact was, he needed a new pad and his chum Michael Green had offered him double the amount and he had informed the board. He was unrepentant except to apologise for doling out the pay-offs in secret. His colleagues should not have read about it first in the press. As for his colleagues, they deserved the money as well.

When someone asked what he thought of Scott losing £5 million by investing in BCCI a week before it collapsed, Grade admitted: "It was an unmitigated disaster!" Of course it was only logical that the man responsible was given a year's salary as a reward, presumably to prevent him being poached by the Bank of England.

Unable to stand any more, the Fat Controller walked out of the meeting. He missed Farrokh Dhondy (multicultural) talking about "a cabal in the channel which pays itself and takes all the decisions". Alan Fountain (minorities) spoke softly of the immorality of it all. It was the new boy Januscak who went straight for the jugular: "You've taken the money from our programme budgets. Now give it back! Give it back!"



" ... and ... rationalise!"

His boss, Wonfor retorted: "Don't be childish. This is the real world!" Forgan was silent throughout the meeting, presumably too ashamed to speak, but boiling with a repressed anger at the insubordination. Seamus Cassidy (light entertainment) was also silent. He knows the enterprise culture only too well. It is Cassidy who has, under Grade's instructions, plumbed new depths by spending millions on Jonathan Ross and simultaneously giving his former boss Mike Bolland's company, Channel X, the contract for the appalling Ross chat-shows which were a ratings disaster.

Whatever else happens, Grade will at some stage join his old chum Green and earn loads more dosh. It may, however, be sooner rather than later. At another highly-charged meeting last week, an exasperated Forgan challenged the mutineers: "Do you want to force Grade's resignation?" No answer was forthcoming.

I-BSkyB

BIRTHDAY boy Prince Harry was in seventh heaven yesterday at his second party in two days.

Thirty friends went to Kensington Palace, where mum Di had decked out a room with balloons, plates and cups showing BSkyB's Bart Simpson — seven-year-old Harry's cartoon hero.

The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: Simon Sanderson

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

THE Government is so petrified that it might be accused of bias when it comes to awarding the ITV franchises (and the host of lawsuits that might ensue) it is keeping an extraordinarily discreet distance from the ITC.

George Russell, the Thatcher-appointed leader of the ITC, has been trying to arrange lunch with home secretary Kenneth Baker, but Baker is refusing to play ball.

Meanwhile, the ITC has decided to award the weekday London franchise to Carlton Communications, rather than Thames, despite its deep admiration for Thames supremo Richard Dunn. Carlton's legal costs on the whole exercise have reached approximately £300,000.

Apart from Carlton and TVS, which seems certain to win the southern regional franchise once again, the ITC is likely to kill off most of the other highest bidders on the basis that being seen to favour supposed "quality" rather than cash will keep them out of court.

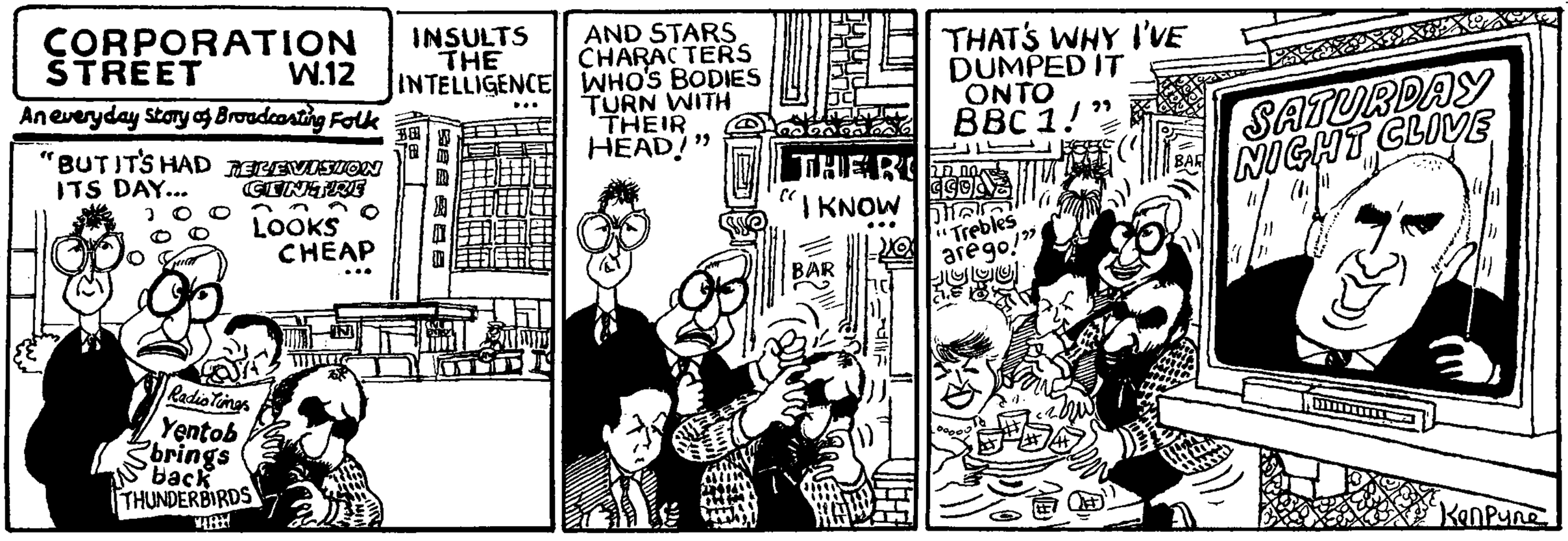
So far, the wittiest remark to have emerged from the franchise fiasco has come from TVS chairman Rudolph Agnew: "If I'm still in a job by November, it'll be nothing but stripping housewives."

SKY NEWS boss John O'Loan is less than amused by the schoolboy humour of some of his staff — as his latest angry memo shows.

He was incensed when a wicked hack changed the script for a weather forecast to read: "The weather in the north will be crap, but the south will see a major outbreak of butt-fucking" and then sent it through the computer to the studio.

The words duly emerged on the autocue as the day's weather bimbo was about to read them. Only at the last second did she realise what she was about to say and stammer something more mundane.

O'Loan is now said to be considering calling in computer security experts to stop his staff's juvenile games.



"WEE" Jimmy Gatward, the lunatic former boss of TVS, finally put his head above the parapet when he recently gave an interview to Ray Snoddy of the *Financial Times*.

During the interview he said he stood by his decision to buy MTM for £190m — MTM now being an unsaleable albatross around the neck of new TVS boss Rudolph "playboy" Agnew. And if the ITC has any sense, TVS would not get its franchise back precisely because of the dire mismanagement of the company by Gatward and his side-kick, Claire Enders (see *Eyes passim*).

Although Gatward conceded that he "may have paid too much" for MTM, he also said that no one could have foreseen the depth of the recession in the US TV industry. The fact that every single TVS executive who knew anything about the US television market warned him against the purchase seems to have slipped his mind. But that, as they say, is showbiz.

What is certainly coming under scrutiny is Gatward's reign at TVS and just why he hired the City scribbler Kenneth Fleet as a non-executive director at an annual salary of £75,000. Quite what Fleet did to earn his fat fee is far from clear, although it does afford him the distinction of being probably the highest paid non-executive director of any listed company.

Furthermore, several nosey hacks are now asking about Gatward's lifestyle at TVS and, not to put too fine a point on it, exactly who paid for what.

There was, of course, the boat in Cannes that was needed for "entertaining" during the film festival. The flat in Albany, the country seat in Hampshire, reputedly the largest thatched house in England, and two homes in the South of France, one of which had extensive building work carried out on it.

QUESTION: Why are BBC radio comedy shows so devoid of invention and ingenuity while on the air? Answer: Because production staff have all exhausted their enormous creative energies in tooth and claw in-fighting between the different departments responsible for humour.

Those at Radio 1 currently refer to Light Entertainment (whose office block backs on to their own) as the "Not Funny Department" and recently hung an enormous banner out of their windows, visible to everyone in the LE building for several days, reading "Please be funny".

The internecine struggles hit fever pitch last week when Christopher Morris, presenter of *On The Hour* (an LE production described by one senior manager as being "like *Citizens* without the jokes"), decided to instigate a campaign against a rival show on Radio 4, orchestrating an unprecedented flood of spoof phone complaints about it to the duty office.

Unluckily for him he over-estimated the gullibility of Broadcasting House staff, who became suspicious about the large number of identical complaints and questioned one caller until she admitted: "I didn't even hear the programme. Chris just told me to phone in and say I was disgusted."

DO WATCH out for BBC2's *Late Show* discussion on the dramatisation of the Oz trial.

A group of 60s deadbeats pre-recorded the show, including Richard Neville and Germaine Greer, the latter being asked by chairman Dimbleby to describe the "feminist" issue of the hippie mag that she produced.

Greer replied that they didn't call it a "feminist" issue and suggested that perhaps Dimbleby should say what it *was* called. He grew very embarrassed as Greer insisted, and the programme clearly could not go on until he came out with the name.

"All right, *Cuntpower*," he finally spluttered. The debate continues among the greymen whether to cut Greer out or not.

HACK WATCH No 8: Nigel Dempster

ON THE *South Bank Show* two Sundays ago, Nigel Pratt-Dumpster boasted that he dealt only in "rarefied stories about the rich and famous, the powerful and the privileged", which "vaulted" his readers into "the drawing rooms and the baronial keeps of the mighty".

Three days later, he led his *Daily Mail* column with the revelation that Richard Ingrams (*Who he? — Ed.*) had been seen walking arm-in-arm with Pamela Bordes along the sea-front at Hastings. Alas! It turned out that the anonymous letter on which Dumpster based his story — without any attempt at checking — had been sent by Ingrams himself. Poor Dumpster was left looking a fool.

We cannot promise that the following stories, taken from Dumpster's columns during the past three months, are any more true than his great scoop of last Wednesday. But they are certainly rarefied. How the powerful and privileged must shake in their shoes every morning as they open the *Daily Mail*...

26 June: Ludovic Kennedy has "cause for celebration": his daughter, Fiona, has become engaged after a decade-long romance. "We're absolutely delighted," Ludo tells Dempster.

2 July: Model Grace Browning is spending the summer in France "to add a dash of chic to her blonde beauty"; then, in September, she will go on a models' training course at Harrods.

4 July: Henrietta Nicholson, wife of a former managing director of the *Evening Standard*, has an exhibition of her paintings in London.

8 July: Dancer Jodie Scott has a small part in a new play starring Vanessa Redgrave. "Vanessa seems absolutely charming," says Jodie.

9 July: Princess Michael of Kent and Michael Aspel are to open the second International Flower Show at Hampton Court.

15 July: "A delightful double dilemma faces super-suave actor Simon Williams in October": he is appearing in a play but also launching his new novel. Meanwhile millionaire jockey Steve Cauthen "has much to be happy about", since he has fixed a November date to marry his Kentucky girlfriend Amy Rothfudd.

17 July: Cupid's dart has struck dancer-turned-actress Catriona MacColl: she is in love with a man called Hilary Chittenden. "It's nice to have someone to lean on," she says.

18 July: Expecting her first baby in August, the Duchess of York's close friend Lulu Blacker "has yet more good news to celebrate" — her elder sister Charlotte, who wed last year, is also pregnant. "We're delighted," says Charlotte.

19 July: Three-day-eventer Karen Straker is engaged to former Grenadier Guards officer Andrew Dixon. Does Andrew intend joining Karen on horseback? "Only if she insists!" he laughs. Meanwhile, Dempster reveals that "the millions of fans of Radio 2's John Dunn will find me hosting his programme all next week". He helpfully prints the station's wavelengths.

24 July: Lord Francis Russell's stepdaughter Patricia Carrington is taking steps towards a new career in fashion.

25 July: Susannah Moynihan, 27, is to wed Old Harrovian Mark Bullough, 35, a former equerry to the Duke of Kent. "We met through business last year and one thing led to another," Bullough explains.

30 July: Lord Francis Russell's stepdaughter Patricia Carrington has announced her engagement. Her mother is "delighted".

31 July: "Congratulations to the Marquis and Marchioness of Worcester on the birth of their second born, a bouncing 8lb baby daughter... Full picture and story tomorrow!"

2 August: Actress Hetty Baynes tells Dempster that her private life is tranquil. "I've had a boyfriend for three years now and we're very happy," she sighs blissfully.

6 August: Lord Kenilworth, 37, and jewellery designer Kiki McDonough are "in love and getting married". "I'm a very happy man," says Kenilworth. "I consider myself very lucky," McDonough adds.

8 August: Dempster writes from Antigua, where celebrities such as porn king Paul Raymond are holidaying. "I love it down here and come twice a year," Raymond tells the columnist.

12 August: Californian beauty Sarah Owen is in love with Yorkshire-born film equipment tycoon John Farrand. "I couldn't be happier," says Sarah.

19 August: Young actress Meredith Braun "is savouring the sweet smell of success" with a part in *Les Misérables*. "It's lovely to have full houses every night!" she sighs.

21 August: Young actress Mandy Cheshire has landed a part in a play at the Edinburgh Festival only a year after leaving drama school. "It's like a dream," says 25-year-old Mandy.

26 August: Miranda Baker, daughter of millionaire bookmaker William Hill, "has married the man of her dreams" — Kevin Hewitt, 38.

27 August: Yorkshire-born actress Helen Baxendale, 21, is to understudy the role of Constanze in Compass Theatre Company's touring production of *Amadeus*. "It's my first professional acting job," says an excited Helen.

30 August: Virginia Pitman, former flatmate of the Princess of Wales, is to marry her banker boyfriend Henry Clarke this morning. "It will be a wonderful day," Virginia tells Dempster.

9 September: Viscount Rothermere, publisher of the *Daily Mail*, and Viscountess Rothermere were proud witnesses yesterday at the christening of their eight-month-old grandson. "It was lovely," the boy's father tells Dempster.

12 September: Lord Palumbo's daughter Anabella has got engaged to 28-year-old Hugh Adams. "It was just so romantic," says Anabella.

13 September: Property heiress Anna-Karina Cadogan, 27, is to marry Gary Thomson, 28. She says that her father is "very happy for me".

17 September: Dempster discloses that with John Dunn on holiday "I am back in John's hot seat at the BBC this week, hosting his Radio 2 show from 5.5pm until 7pm." Once again, he helpfully prints the station's wavelengths. Meanwhile, actress Cathryn Harrison, 32, is on the verge of nuptial bliss. "I am madly in love," she tells Dempster. "He is French, wonderful, and I am sure it will end in marriage. I hope it will!"

HUSBAND
could I send some flowers to someone in hospital?
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS
Of course you can. What do you want it to say?
Er..... "Hope you die you slimey scumbag"

SPYING NEWS

THE toupéed and false-bearded KGB defector Oleg Gordievsky and Cambridge don Christopher Andrew are about to publish yet another book of shock-horror stories about the dastardly methods of Soviet intelligence, called *Instructions From The Centre*. This, the publishers boast, will include facsimiles of KGB documents which Gordievsky passed to MI6 — and which MI6 has now kindly returned to him.

There is one small problem, however. With *Spycatcher* and George Blake's memoirs, the British Government insisted that it was a breach of copyright (and confidence) to publish anything acquired during one's work for MI5 or MI6, and that all royalties belonged to the British Government. The copyright on Gordievsky's stolen documents presumably belongs to the KGB, and he and his publishers are assuming that the Russians won't sue. But the material was taken by Gordievsky while he was working — albeit clandestinely — for British intelligence. If the Government is consistent in its policy, the Treasury solicitor will now seize Gordievsky's advance and try to prevent Hodder & Stoughton from publishing the book. Somehow, however, it seems unlikely.

Meanwhile, Gordievsky has been retained by the *Sunday Times* as an "expert" on Russian affairs. The newspaper — in league with ITN — also paid him £25,000 a fortnight ago in return for exclusive photos of his reunion with his wife and two children after their arrival in England. This was arranged via the spy's agent, Bill Hamilton of A.M. Heath & Co Ltd.

Alas for the *Sunset Times*, Barrie Penrose of the *Sunday Express* did some legwork and found out Gordievsky's address in the Surrey stockbroker belt. When Mrs Gordievsky, plus kids, arrived at Heathrow on Friday 6 September, Penrose and a photographer were waiting in the undergrowth outside Gordievsky's bijou four-bedroom residence. Mrs G, unaware that her husband had sold her to Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill, greeted Penrose warmly, having spoken to him several times while she was in Moscow. But she suggested that the *Express* team should return in the morning, as she and her offspring were feeling rather queasy after their journey. (To prove the point, her daughter was immediately sick over the back seat of the MI6 Range Rover in which they'd travelled from the airport.)

Penrose and his photographer, Jim Hodson, returned on Saturday morning, only to find their path blocked by the agent Bill Hamilton, who was to drive the Gordievskys to a hotel in Petersfield for their photo session with the *Sunset Times*. A furious Hamilton leapt out of the car and tried to grab the camera. The burly Hodson was not intimidated. "I'm afraid," he told the agent, "that if you do that again I shall have to hit you." Hamilton thereupon turned tail and scurried away.

Thus it was that Andrew Neill paid £25,000 for a boring shot of the much-photographed Gordievsky family in an anonymous hotel room, while the *Sunday Express*, free of charge, not only had a glimpse of the traitor's house but also snapped him — for the first time — without his silly goatee beard. Rupert Murdoch and the ITN board, both of whom claim to be strapped for cash, might care to inquire how their organisations could waste so much money on a fast-fading story.

Meanwhile, the *Mail on Sunday* filled its front page last weekend with the "world exclusive" revelation that John Cairncross had finally admitted to being the Fifth Man (yawn). However, this story too was sabotaged by the wily Penrose, who ran exactly the same story — also billed "exclusive" — on the front of the *Sunday Express*.

What happened was as follows. After paying a £25,000 fee to Rupert Allason MP (aka Nigel West) for background information on Cairncross, the *MoS* had despatched Sue Reid to Moscow with a bag full of cash in the hope of persuading the double-agent's old KGB controller, Col Yuri Modin, to confess all. Modin said that even for £150,000 he wouldn't finger Cairncross. However, for a donation of £10,000 or so from Lord Rothermere, the KGB colonel was willing to repeat stories he had told many times before about Burgess and Philby. Reid gratefully scribbled them down — little knowing that for only a few roubles she could have read exactly the same tales in a 7,000-word article by Modin in the current issue of *Top Secret*, a Moscow magazine.

Since Modin wouldn't betray Cairncross, the *MoS* decided to lean on the double-agent himself, despatching a hackette and photographer to his house in the south of France last Friday. Weary of being bothered, Cairncross owned up to being the Fifth Man — and then, as soon as they had gone, made an identical confession over the telephone to Penrose, who had first exposed him in 1979 but had been quite friendly ever since. Thus it was that for the price of one phone call plus a copy of *Top Secret* magazine, Penrose got the story which had cost the *Mail* a £10,000 bribe to Col Modin and a £25,000 payment to Nigel West, not to mention plane fares, hotel bills, etc.

PS: The Cairncross story leaves Oleg Gordievsky and his toupée looking even more threadbare. In his book last year, which he claimed was based on a KGB file he had seen in Moscow, he confidently "revealed" that Cairncross had been recruited by Guy Burgess. It now transpires that he was hired by James Klugman. Which suggests that Gordievsky couldn't have seen the file after all. In which case...

HUNT NEWS

IN *EYE* 761 we reported how hunt saboteur Andrew Tuck had been taken to the Royal Surrey Hospital with head injuries after a huntsman had ridden over him at a meet of the Surrey Union Hunt in early January. The incident resulted in charges being brought against the joint master of the Surrey Union Hunt, John Funnell, and the case was heard a couple of weeks ago at Guildford Crown Court.

The prosecuting barrister explained that hunt followers had been pursuing a fox that had gone to earth and were intending to dig it out with the help of terriers when a group of saboteurs sought to prevent them from doing so by sitting around the earth. Andrew Tuck was squatting in the foxhole when joint master Miss Prudence Goodhild, by all accounts a fearsom old bat, suggested to a fellow rider that he should ride over the saboteurs.

Another joint master (and paid huntsman to the Surrey Union), John Funnell, rode over Tuck twice, causing injuries to the saboteur with the horse's hooves. When Funnell came to give evidence he denied having ridden at Tuck deliberately and claimed that his horse was excitable as the result of having been maltreated by his previous owners and that the taunts of the saboteurs had caused it to bolt and ride across the foxhole. Funnell said he had tried to regain control but the horse had turned round and ridden over the foxhole again. Funnell also claimed not to have noticed that Tuck was crouching in the hole.

Miss Goodchild supported Funnell's evidence that the horse had been jumpy and frightened by the saboteurs, but the jury chose to disbelieve the hunting folk, finding Funnell guilty of actual bodily harm. The judge awarded Funnell a two-year jail sentence suspended for two years with the following remarks: "This type of assault is a serious one when a person rides a horse at someone. I think an assault of this nature should be marked by a prison sentence."

Funnell's defending barrister, David Williams, chose his words ineptly when he invited the judge to award a lenient sentence. "This defendant is a man whose livelihood is concerned with hunting... This was a matter which occurred on the spur of the moment."

'Reynard'

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

I HAD always expected it would be the sheer force of laughter and weight of embarrassment that would oblige politicians to sort out the farming carbuncle — but it seems that a microbe is about to do the job for us.

Marlow Foods, an island in the ICI archipelago, has developed the industrial use of a fungus and created a potential foodstuff which promises to wipe out the evil yeomen at the National Farmers' Union and the creeps in the Ministry of Subsidies.

Edmund Burke said he "relished the very taste of the soil of Buckingham"; but what sounds like a smarm to the electorate turns out to be a typical bit of prescience: the soil of Buckingham has given us *Fusarium Graminearum* and this bio-tech innovation offers us all vast piles of cheap, high quality protein.

Based on the work of Graham Strickland and other scientists at ICI's Alice Holt station, Marlow Foods is tooling up to subvert the entire superstructure of the agricultural rip off. Mycroprotein, with its fungal and microbic sound, does not hit quite the right note; so ICI is using its brand name Quorn to launch the first serious assault on the organised crime syndicates, aka farmers.

Old Muckspreader offers two predictions. The agri-lobbies will try to destroy Marlow Foods and will activate bent scientists and the European Commission. We will see a grand tussle over the next few years, but Quorn and its brother protein products will leave future generations wondering why we all put up with expensive and cruel farmers. Meat will disappear for all but cranks and a landscape without livestock seems a sudden possibility, unless ICI is just teasing us.

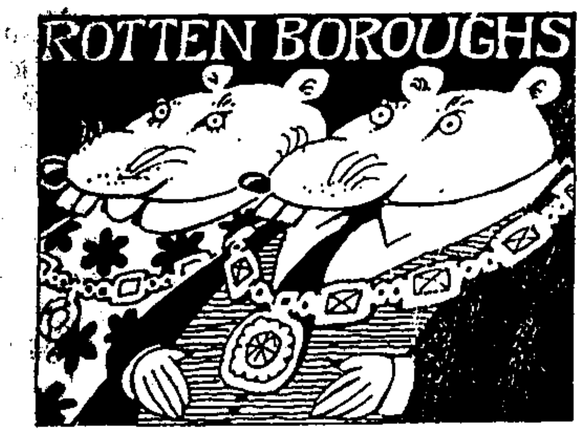
A *quorn* was a tool for grinding down grains of wheat. How effective it will be in grinding down the farmers remains to be seen.

THE Consumers' Association has been rambling on for far too long urging John Selwyn Gummer, our food supremo, to sort out the microwave cooking industry.

Blubber kept fumbling it and cynics said that the perfectly simple reform — that all these wonder gadgets had to carry uniform calibration labels — was impeded by the fact that many electronics giants are big contributors to Tory Central Office.

While it seems unkind not to congratulate Blubber on finally sorting it out, we hear that the cause was neither the CA's research nor an outbreak of commonsense in the industry but the exasperation expressed by a recently retired politician who now has more time to spend in front of her stove. It appears she can do more good in retirement than most ministers can in office.

PARAQUAT, when given orally to rats, has been found lethal at only 57 milligrams per kilogram of bodyweight. Farm workers using it suffer nosebleeds, stomach aches, vomiting, diarrhoea and muscular pains. But 245 T, otherwise known as agent orange by the valiant US forces who used it in Vietnam, is thought to be comparably good at killing worms and farm workers. In 1973 British farmers spent £37 million on poisoning the soil with pesticides. In 1990 they spent £450 million. Are they subsidised? Yes they are.



STAFFORDSHIRE

MORE disturbing news reaches the *Eye* of Staffordshire county council's torture-on-the-rates policy, pin-down, just as the publicity surrounding Allan Levy QC's inquiry into the scandal dies down.

The *Eye* has discovered that log books from the two children's homes in Newcastle-under-Lyme where most of the pin-down action took place, 245 Hartshill Road and the Birches (*sic*), were tampered with at around the time of our first revelations in May 1990 and only a few months before the Levy inquiry began.

Among information lost to the inquiry were details of one of the most harrowing tales — the story, well-documented in the *Eye*, of the waif who was incarcerated in solitary confinement after having had the temerity to report her father for alleged sexual abuse.

The girl was first taken into care at the Hartshill Road home in January 1987 but later escaped by jumping out of a window and running barefoot in the snow, dressed in her nightclothes. Eventually she was sent home to her father.

Remarkably there is *no* mention of this in her social services file, which states that she was first taken in by the SS nine months later, in September 1987. The council records also claim, wrongly, that from September 1987 the girl was resident at Hartshill Road and that she was sent home a month later, in October. In reality she went into care at the Birches in September '87 and remained there for much of the next three years.

Were the records deliberately changed to prevent embarrassing information coming to light, or were they were simply filled in incorrectly by incompetent staff? And why put the girl down as staying at Hartshill Road later that year? The girl would, of course, be familiar with the Hartshill Road building, but she may have been too frightened or upset to remember exactly when she stayed there.

Cynics believe the records were deliberately doctored, but if they were, someone boobed. Not only was the girl in care at the Birches — and not Hartshill — but she turned up in her nightclothes at a meeting there that had been organised by social workers and was attended by her parents, as well as anti-pin-downers concerned for her welfare.

Staffs' social workers aren't alone in their complicity, it seems. When the girl escaped from Hartshill Road she sought asylum at a nearby school. Yet no one will now come forward to testify that they saw or spoke to her. One teacher who was questioned replied: "I know nothing and nor do my staff — we are employed by the county council."

COVENTRY

BRITAIN's most boring city, Coventry, is reeling from the news that its technical college is £5 million in the red only a few months after the now disgraced ex-principal John Temple vowed that it would show a surplus.

Templegate, as the Coventry Tech controversy is known, arose from the failure of Temple's grandiose plans to break the mould of British academia by floating off the college from its municipal moorings and touting for custom in Europe.

Temple convinced half-witted councillors on the city's education committee (they are responsible for college finances), that wealthy polyglot students from the European Community would jump at the chance to study in heritage-soaked Coventry, former centre of Britain's crumbling car industry.

The Tech even funded a branch in Athens and a full-time office in Brussels "to act as an interface [*sic*] between academic staff, the European Commission and the World Bank," Temple pompously boasted. Alas, it all went wrong. Temple resigned after announcing a £3.2 million loss on a budget of £12 million and embarrassed council finance officers have since found such chaos they have called in Price Waterhouse (!) as independent auditors who have found an astonishing catalogue of excess and incompetence:

- The Brussels "Gateway to Europe" office cost the college £26,000 to run, last year, but produced no income.
- A bizarrely-named "Human Resources Consultancy Unit", expected to bring in £44,000 during 1990-91, lost £32,000.
- Wages increased last year by £1.2 million — twice the level of inflation.
- False mileage claims were submitted for a £20,000 staff car-leasing scheme which hadn't even been approved by the governors.
- The Athens outlet cost so much that finance officers are still adding up the columns of noughts.

And then there was the junketing. Crew members of HMS Coventry were treated to a £1,600 buffet (Coventry is of course the furthest city from the sea in Britain) and £4,600 was blown on four days of Saturnalian excess at Temple Towers in Earlsdon for which no expense was spared.

With losses now running at £5 million the city's carefree education chiefs are making plaintive pleas about belt-tightening and vowing that "this must never happen again". The beleaguered college, meanwhile, is set to reopen for the new term despite the loss of 153 jobs. Oh — and the catering course seems very popular this year.

MURKEYSIDE

POLITICS in Liverpool are now so faction-ridden the city council is home to seven political parties, each as loony as the next.

A lone Liberal and solitary SDP member maintain the "Alliance" against the hated Liberal Democrats, while "Liverpool Labour Councillors" loathe Harry Rimmer's official Labour group just marginally more than they hate each other.

Following the Walton by-election debacle, councillors on the left have split into Militant and Liverpool Independent Labour Party (LILP) factions and they only stay together as a group on the council to keep on the committees and continue to claim their attendance allowances.

Tony "Ayatollah" Mulhearn has denounced his erstwhile LILP allies as too much even for him. They seem to operate in an even murkier fashion than Militant itself. A prime mover in the LILP is milky-bar kid lookalike Phil Knibb. He ran the council's drugs liaison unit when the Hattonistas were in power but was sacked in the great settling of accounts two months ago. Since being sacked, Knibb has retreated to Croxteth Comprehensive where he is chair of the governors. The school enjoys a high staff turnover due to sackings or staff being sent on Siberia-style sabbaticals from which they never return (see *Eyes passim*).

Until recently Knibb worked hand-in-glove with headteacher Jed McKean to root out potential troublemakers. Now it seems Knibb is out to get McKean. School governors were puzzled to receive a notice dated 15 August 1991 and summoning them to an emergency meeting on 21 *July* 1991. The item of business was to approve a "request" from McKean, in his absence, for one year's study leave.

When McKean turned up on the first day of the new academic year, he found a full staff meeting in progress with deputy head Alma Mason explaining to amazed staff why they wouldn't be seeing the head for a year! McKean's falling out with Knibb is not unconnected with Inspector Knacker's interest in the way the school is run. Both have been questioned during the all-embracing investigation into local government corruption on Murkeyside. After his trip to the station, Knibb vowed to get even with anyone who "stitched him up".

NORTH WILTSHIRE

COLERNE property developer Harry Chisman has high hopes of overcoming local opposition to his latest speculation: the construction of a couple of golf courses in one of the most beautiful parts of the area.

Given the craze for golf, Chisman's courses should draw the crowds from far and wide, so that even the mere granting of planning permission would make him the fortune that has so far eluded him from other diversifications like race-horse studs.

But not surprisingly, the Chisman golf project has provoked a record number of objectors, who claim that it would devour local water resources, greatly increase the congestion and hazards of inadequate rural roads and add to the destruction of amenities in an area of outstanding natural beauty, already over-visited by itinerant sportsmen such as motorcycle scramblers, balloonists, "free fall" parachutists and clay pigeon marksmen.

However, Chisman's opponents have been surprised to discover that this golf project is not unloved in the planning department of North Wilts District Council, where the warm-hearted Harry has always been held in high regard. He seems to have only one blot on his copy-book: without planning permission, he recently erected an eyesore of a roadside wall around a listed building he owns (presumably to increase its value) and has so far ignored the planners' orders to demolish it. This is surely no way to win friends and influence people.

BRENT

COUNCILLORS in Bent, north-west London, have returned from their summer holidays to find Inspector Knacker of Scotland Yard's fraud squad still trying to unravel the town hall's tangled finances.

Knacker is investigating a series of collapsed interest-rate swap deals where Bent was only saved from losing a cool £260 million by the timely intervention of the House of Lords which ruled that such scams were "civilly unlawful".

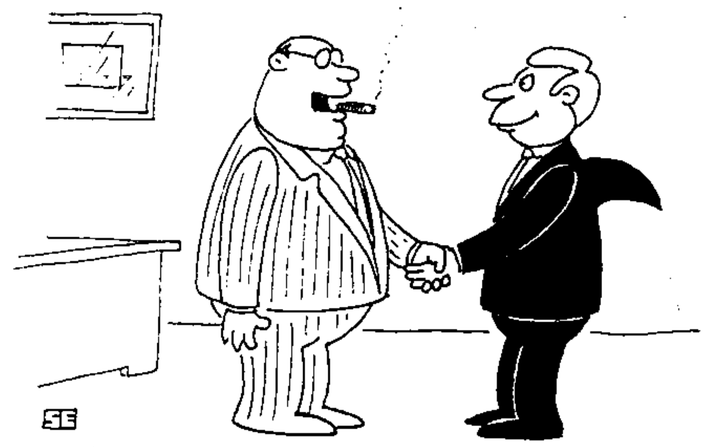
The ex-Bent finance director who masterminded the aborted speculations, Odran Steed, is now selflessly helping Knacker with his inquiries. But in the streets of Neasden and Wembley, fingers have been wagged at Steed ever since he quit the council while suspended from his £50,000-a-year post just days before councillors were due to begin his disciplinary hearing.

Knacker is examining whether Steed was wrong to use the same brokers for all the dealings and is also checking allegations that dates were changed on important documents used during the deals. Interestingly enough, Steed set himself up as a director of a company to administer the first deal.

However, by a strange coincidence, Bent chief executive Charles Wood has financial woes of his own: the *Eye* has discovered that the £58,000-a-year council boss recently received county court judgments over debts totalling £1,935 with the Royal Bank of Scotland's Access department and a London-based firm of solicitors. Worse still for the Wood household, wife Carolyn's fledgling property company, Le Metier, was recently wound up by Department of Trade officials for failing to file accounts. Mrs Wood, whose sister Julie Hall is Neil Kinnock's press secretary, recently received a county court judgment over a £1,871 debt to Harrods.

Indeed county court judgments seem rife in Bent. Legendary housing chairman Nkechi Amalu-Johnson, the brains behind the council's new ruling Tory-Black Power coalition (see *Eyes passim*), has one for a debt of £5,214 to Harrow finance house, the First National Bank.

- As the *Eye* went to press there were more woes for Amazulu. In a completely separate incident she was arrested and released on police bail in connection with alleged council housing fraud in Bent.



"Congratulations, Mr Smith – as soon as I saw you I knew that you were the right man for the job"

Sally Deedes

ANOTHER cautionary tale for those thinking of investing in a mobile phone: read the small print of your contract with a very big magnifying glass.

At the end of 1989 Forest Ltd of London leased two mobile telephones from Excell Communications, payments for the lease being made to Systems Contracts Ltd of Manchester. In November 1990 Excell went into receivership and its clients were taken over by Cellcom Ltd.

Forest had continual problems with the phones. They ceased to work within two hours of being charged and, even when they were working, more often than not the line was interrupted or lost altogether. Cellcom told Forest this was a common complaint with this type of phone, but the contract Forest had signed did not allow it to exchange the equipment. To add insult to injury, Forest had apparently signed a service agreement for *seven* years for phones that would not work properly.

The contract was patently absurd: after all, the purpose of a lease, particularly in a field in which the technology is constantly being improved, is to be able to update equipment within the terms of the lease. No one at Forest Ltd can remember ever having received copies of the contract at the time of the original leasing, and it was only after contacting Cellcom that Forest was told of the restrictions. To date no one has yet provided Forest with written proof of these conditions.

Cellcom was sympathetic and told Forest that about 700 to 800 other customers were potentially in the same position. Having taken legal advice, Forest sent back the two phones along with a cheque for £448.53 (payment for one quarter, plus £50 in lieu of loss of revenue for the use of the phones supplied) on the grounds that the contract was unreasonable.

Systems Contracts, who were only involved to collect the money, disagreed. It banked the cheque, but only as payment against "arrears"; Forest Ltd, it said, was now in breach of contract and it demanded payment of £4,420.32 as a discharge of the service agreement — in all £6,748.88. Failure to pay, it threatened, would result in legal action.

Jack Knight, marketing manager for Cellcom, told me: "We are actively trying to sort out this situation. After all it is in our interest to keep customers using our air time. Only this week we have had a meeting with Systems Contract in Manchester in order to establish an agreement so that those with old or outdated phones may be able — at small extra cost — to update their equipment. There is no quick solution to this situation, the original lease being a fairly unreasonable one-off. The whole Excell organisation was set up with one thing in mind — to bring in the cash — and they have ended up with egg on their faces."

Anyone whose work obliges them to rely on an absurdly expensive mobile phone will know, every time the bill arrives, that Excell was not the only firm set up to "bring in the cash".

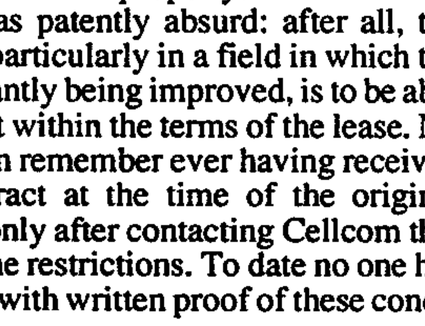
IS THE greener than green attitude of the National Westminster Bank all it purports to be?

A few years ago, the bank instigated a National Westminster Worldwide Fund for Nature Visa card. For each card issued, and at a scale set according to use, NatWest would make a donation to the WWF.

Now, like so many others, NatWest is to charge a £12.00 a year fee for its credit cards. A letter to be sent shortly to cardholders states: "If you have both NatWest Visa and NatWest Access cards, you will be charged one £12 fee. If your NatWest Visa card is a Worldwide Fund for Nature Visa card (WWF), you will be charged a further £12 — £12.00 for Access plus a further £12.00 for NatWest WWF Visa."

Presumably the elephants and rhinos in Africa will be getting greater protection than ever before — or will they?

Ad nauseam



Sir,

Have any other readers noticed the remarkable resemblance between the new advert for Bernard Matthews' Turkey Roast (over-worked, under-appreciated housewife visualises, among other things, mother-in-law as garrulous space-creature) and the recently revived sitcom THE FALL AND RISE OF REGINALD PERRIN *(over-worked, under-appreciated businessman visualises, among other things, mother-in-law as a large hippopotamus). Perhaps this compensates for the equally remarkable lack of resemblance between said "Turkey Roast" and roast turkey.*

Yours faithfully,
DAVID SHIELDS,

Folkestone, Kent.

Sir,

As an impoverished student I am extremely familiar with adverts, which is no bad thing as I am confident that my observations will earn me a tenner.

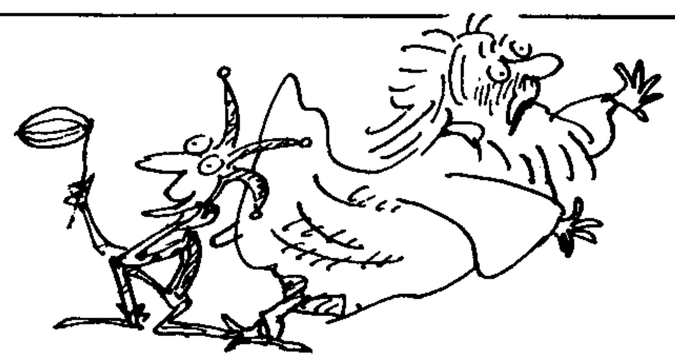
The new Carlsberg ad about a tourist trying unsuccessfully to communicate with a local whose knowledge of English is confined to that of the 1966 World Cup is a complete and total rip off of a Ronnie Corbett sketch. Nice work if you can get it!

Yours faithfully,
SONIA DEVINE,

Bristol.

● ***£10 paid for entries printed.***

Due to an administrative cock-up, the addresses of last issue's entries have been lost. Would Messrs Foley, Mitchell and Macmillan please get in touch? Ed.



BEHIND THE SCENES

WHEN the latest touring version of *West Side Story* opened at Manchester's Palace Theatre, the *Manchester Evening News*'s colourless theatre critic, Alan Hulme, waxed ecstatic, describing the production as "one of the best I have seen".

Hulme's laudatory views were not shared by other critics. Chris Walder, of the *Bolton Evening News*, called the Palace's version "a turkey", denouncing the cast as "barely malicious enough to hit each other with their handbags" and attacking the show for its "all-pervading blandness accentuated by the odd orchestration, choreography which lacks zip, humour which falls flat and clumsy scene changing".

The show, like many Manchester arts events, is sponsored by the *Manchester Evening News*.

ULSTER NEWS

JUST AS the Northern Ireland Office was hoping for a respite from claims that members of the security forces were leaking documents to terrorists (all the while demanding the reintroduction of internment), new revelations will cause major concern.

According to a report in the normally reliable Belfast *Sunday Life*, terrorists who recently shot and wounded a university lecturer were acting on the basis of mistaken identity. There was no apparent motive for the attack on Adrian Guelke, a moderate exiled South African, unconnected with any political grouping, but his name closely resembles that of an IRA suspect in the province.

Terrorists linked to the legal Ulster Defence Association claim to have seen the security file on the suspect and to have shot the unfortunate Mr Guelke in error. The claim, if true, would suggest a leak at the highest level and would dismay ministers who'd hoped the flow of information to paramilitaries had been staunched. It's also likely to provoke RUC chief constable Hugh Annesley into once again raising the issue of internment — though presumably less publicly than in his televised interview last month.

Most of the violent incidents in the run-up to Annesley's outburst were also carried out by the Ulster Defence Association, frequently under its cover name (or so-called flag of convenience) the Ulster Freedom Fighters. Apart from various murders, a series of firebomb attacks in the Irish Republic and a little reported attempt to blow-up a Catholic housing estate using a van packed with propane cylinders, the UDA has been merrily inciting disorder on the streets and within Ulster's prisons.

This is particularly galling for the police, who for well over a decade had penetrated the top ranks of the group. Virtually every unit of the organisation had RUC informers in position, supplying information about planned attacks and the constant internal feuding which has always characterised militant loyalism. This degree of police control was often used to justify the fact that, unlike other paramilitaries such as the Provisional IRA or the INLA, the UDA has never been proscribed.

It also, of course, led to claims that the police had been supplying those in their pay with hints about how the UDA should operate, rather than simply collecting information. Such allegations have always brought fierce denials, although they're expected to be aired again as the trial of former UDA intelligence officer (and army agent) Brian Nelson gets underway this month. Nelson, who's pleading not guilty, was detained during Cambridgeshire copper John Stevens's investigation into alleged collusion between terrorists and the security forces.

Arrests by the Stevens team, even if they subsequently led to no charges being brought, virtually wrecked the UDA command structure, already reeling from a series of internal disputes over racketeering. Younger, more aggressive and less centrally organised leaders have, as the *Eye* predicted, now taken control of the UDA and its crude armoury.

The upswing in violence from this legal "association" was not in itself enough to provoke Annesley's musings on internment, however. For the RUC has, since the beginning of the year, been making determined attempts to penetrate the new UDA leadership. Large amounts of money are on offer; but despite systematic attempts to turn (ie coerce) possible sources, there's little sign of the police regaining any real influence. One reason appears to be the chronic inability of RUC detectives to get on with their colleagues, or more accurately bitter rivals, in MI5. Although relations between the police and army continue on a friendly level (helped no doubt by mutual disapproval of the Nelson affair), the police simply can't abide MI5's imported spooks.

The security service is also busily trying to establish its own network of informants to counter the increased loyalist threat; but it appears that each is cancelling the other out, either inadvertently or through deliberate sabotage. Lack of coordination by the security forces has greatly assisted the IRA in the past. To the dismay of senior officers and politicians, loyalist paramilitaries seem likely to benefit in exactly the same way in the years to come.

Letters

Making waves

Sir,

I note with interest that in your article entitled "Power Politics" (EYE 775) you decry the method employed by the Treasury of calculating the cost of tidal power. You state that this method which discriminates against capital-intensive projects renders tidal power economically unattractive.

I wonder, therefore, why you have never pointed out that the economics of nuclear power are adversely affected in a similar manner by this costing method.

Perhaps your organ does not regard objectivity as a desirable attribute in the reporting of energy concerns.

If this is the case, I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
PETER RODDY,

Paris, France.

Trade slave

Sir,

When will the myth of slaves in Liverpool (or Bristol, or Lancaster) be laid to rest?

No businessman worth the name could afford to ship human cargo from Africa to the West Indies and America via the UK. The extra feeding costs, and losses from death in transit would have evaporated any profit.

The flow was a triangle — goods from UK to Africa, slaves Africa to the Americas, high value goods to the UK.

Whatever else you can accuse them of, Liverpudlians were never bad at business.

Yours faithfully,
MAJOR J.R. MACLACHLAN,

Preston, Lancs.

Port side

Sir,

Rotten Boroughs — Murkeyside (EYE 776) was less than fair to Liverpool. In its heyday as THE *great transatlantic port it also channelled the British, Irish and North European millions emigrating to the USA, with raw cotton as return cargo, and prospered accordingly. Since when the great city has never looked forward!*

Incidentally, the Bishop of Rome won't like your crack about the slave trade — Columbus was sponsored by the Franciscan Order — so you could get "blasted".

I shall be happy to subscribe to your Blastedballs fund.

Yours faithfully,
C.R. MALYAN,

London SW16.

The Irish question

Sir,

Your piece on the DEATH ON THE ROCK *affair (EYE 776) unfortunately describes the Irish Upper House as the "Oireachtas" which is a bit like equating the House of Lord with the Queen in Parliament. (The "Oireachtas" in fact comprises President Robinson, the Dáil, and the Senead.) Since Senator Ryan has gone to all the trouble you mention, it might be politic to acknowledge the Irish Senate, or certain, malicious individuals might — God forbid! — cast doubt on the veracity of your organ.*

I met that Merlyn Rees once.

Happy Anniversary,
DAVID DUCKELS,

Driffield, East Yorks.

Bads

Sir,

Terry Lovelock (EYE 776) is right, of course. Films cloned by ads to sell products to punters are exactly and shamelessly that. Unfortunately his uncharacteristically straightforward attitude is not shared by most of the pseuds in the ad industry, who will insist on pontificating about the significance of what they do, and hoisting such pretentious crap as the Benetton ads on us. Buying jumpers will bring the world together in a politically correct, environmentally friendly future. Really. And you wondered why Benetton sounded like Ben Elton.

Just say Yo!
ADRIAN REYNOLDS,

Solihull, West Midlands.

Twister

Sir,

I wonder if any other readers noted the striking similarity between Terry Lovelock's stirring defence of plagiarism (LETTERS, 13 Sept) and the Artful Dodger's equally stirring hymn to kleptomania of another kind: "You've Got To Pick A Pocket Or Two" from the film OLIVER?

Yours faithfully,
CALVIN WIRTZ,

London SW9.

Choral sympathy

Sir,

Being a member of the Philharmonia Chorus, I was horrified to read Symphony for the Spire Rhyming Slang (EYE 776). My solicitor advises me to sue over this most serious libel. I am, however, a reasonable man and a grovelling letter of apology and the modest sum of 10,000,000 bananas paid into my Sri Lankan bank account will lead me to accept that this was a typographical error which should have read Philharmonia Chorus — folks adore us!

Yours faithfully,
COLIN STEINLECHNER,

Hampton, Middx.

Lookalike

Sarah Dunant

Brains

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable similarity between media-person Sarah Dunant and Brains from the puppet series Thunderbirds? Could they, by any chance, be related?

Yours faithfully,
MARK WHIDBY,

Manchester.

Workers to rule

Sir,

I can understand the Tory press slandering organisations like the Socialist Workers' Party, but for YOU *to imply they supported the regimes of Eastern Europe smacks rather of incompetence.*

Since its inception the SWP has argued consistently that these masonic bureaucracies had about as much to do with Marxism as the history of the Catholic Church had to do with the teachings of Christ. Front page headlines like "Victory to the Soviet Peoples' Resistance" can hardly have made the point clearer — or do you all just live in areas which are too posh to have even one SOCIALIST WORKER *seller?*

Even so, I would have expected the EYE *to at least read a publication if it is going to slag it off. (I could have slagged it off much better.)*

Yours, without a subscription to cancel,
TOM MAY,

London SE15.

Archetypical

Sir,

May I express my complete agreement with Carol Sheridan's comments (EYE 766) regarding DESERT ISLAND DISCS. *However, the interviewee was not Maxwell Hamilton but Maxwell Hutchinson who has recently finished a two-year term as president of the Royal Institute of British Architects.*

Given a popular public platform to rehabilitate architects and architecture, he drools on about the beauties of Centre Point and the achievements of the archetypal commercial office architect, Colonel Richard Seifert. Hutchinson led an organisation which would like to see architects free from planning controls. Fortunately, with ideas like those expressed on this programme by the architects' leader, no politicians are likely to be daft enough to grant them their wishes.

Yours faithfully,
GEOFF WILSON,

Warwick.

As usual

Sir,

We write to you with reference to your story in EYE *776.*

Neither of us had anything to do with bringing the Florida offer by Consumer Promotions Plc to the SUNDAY MIRROR.

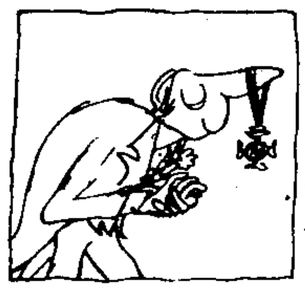
In fact the original offer was brought in by the Readers Offers Department, who proposed it at the weekly business meeting in the usual manner that readers offers were proposed.

As usual, your facts were wrong.

Yours faithfully
EVE POLLARD, CHARLES GOLDING,

Sunday Express, London SE1.

O.B.N.



Did you chance to see the Granada Television drama-documentary of last November's struggle for the Tory leadership, *Thatcher: The Final Days*? The programme has been much criticised, especially by some of the politicians who were depicted in it, as patchy and inaccurate. And maybe it was.

But, although its makers' intentions may have been quite the opposite, there was one thing which shone out of it. And that was the courage of Margaret Thatcher. Isn't it extraordinary that out of all the main personalities involved she was just about the only one who emerged with honour?

JOHN JUNOR
Mail on Sunday

Submitted by E. Strobes.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

I-SPY

TUC Conference 1991

Submitted by Harriet Eisner. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Twice nightly

Sir,

Which member of your staff is sleeping with Jaci Stephen? Never an issue without mention of her for ages — and twice this week. Why?

Am I being unfair and is she in fact somebody other than a tabloid TV reviewer? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
LINDA BUTLER,

London SE13.

Schtumped

Sir,

*Re: Michael Grade's alleged comment (*EYE *776) on this year's Edinburgh Festival "Everyone is afraid to speak out... The BBC is afraid to talk." Could this be the same Michael Grade who stood up at the beginning of the (BBC)* ROUGH JUSTICE *debate at the 1986 Edinburgh Festival and ordered all employees of the BBC among the audience to remain schtum re the discussion on the Anthony Mycock/Anne Fitzpatrick/Martin Young/Peter Hill affair? (This, yet again, out of a deep felt fear of "legal proceedings" etc against dear old Auntie Beeb in a distant "free and democratic" Los Angeles court). Or as the* GRAUNIAD *headline (26/8/86) put it so succinctly: "BBC staff are silenced on Rough Justice debate." Plus ça change...*

Yours bemusedly as ever,
HARRY HILTON,

Borehamwood, Herts.

PS: Re your IN THE ARMY bit in same issue — INNISKILLING Fusiliers — tut, tut! Copies to John Birt, Ray Fitzwalter and Robin Ramsay as I am no Larry Adler.

Non-u

Sir,

Can anyone explain why Mr Major pronounces "want" as "wunt"?

He really does make a not inconsiderable cant of himself.

Yours faithfully,
B. KAESTNER,

London SE4.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Marling — unbeaten in her three victories."
PETER O'SULLIVAN, BBC2
(L.K. Weller)

"Both drivers are fundamentally wearing white helmets."
JAMES HUNT, BBC2
(Rev. Gerard Quinn)

"A church spire nestling among the trees... there's probably a church there too."
RICHIE BENAUD, BBC 2
(John Longman)

"Well, I shall remember that catch for many a dying day."
BRIAN JOHNSON, Radio 3
(Nick Thorne-Wallis)

Interviewer: *So you are the camp co-ordinator. What does that entail.*
Venture Scout: *Well, basically, I co-ordinate the camp.*
'8.15 From Manchester', BBC1
(Ken Phillips)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from **Abu Dhabi**

from Our Own Correspondent

SADLY our god-fearing kingdom is being torn apart by the collapse of BCCI, the bank of Satan.

It was our ruler, Sheikh Zayed, who first allowed that son of Satan, Abedi, to defile our tiny country and he must now suffer God's punishment. His Highness has had to share the $8 billion bill we had to suffer in order to save BCCI a few years ago — and that's not counting all the bribes that for many years we paid to political and financial regulators in the west just to keep the bank in existence.

In the palace there were always those in the family who warned Sheikh Zayed against Satan's progeny — but he would never listen. The Crown Prince was provided with everything he ever needed by Zafar Iqbal, Abedi's man Friday, who was stationed here. Iqbal's job was to cater to *all* the needs of our royal princes, and his devotion to duty went way beyond what one normally expects from a banker.

Iqbal was not only able to help the Crown Prince cope with his debilitating "snow blindness", but also with his penchant for fancy "dress" parties, held in private in the palace precincts. Your own royal family is known to enjoy jolly dressing up games when the clan gets together, and likewise our own: Zafar Iqbal even imported a "banker" from Pakistan who specialised in this art.

After Abedi and his side-kick Naqvi were removed in 1988, it was the Crown Prince's chum Zafar Iqbal who was appointed chief executive. A case, perhaps, of the broker who knew too much. It was at this time that Masihur Rehman (the man who is not revealing *all* to the *Observer*) got upset and decamped. Masih wanted to be chief executive himself. His ambitions frustrated, he is now preparing to sing in a US court.

Now Zafar Iqbal has been arrested and the Crown Prince is in disgrace. His younger brother has just returned from a clinic in foreign parts. He got drunk one day and fired off a machine gun outside the Crown Prince's house while a fancy "dress" party was in full progress. Sultan was drunk and a clinic seemed the only solution.

The youngest contender, Prince Mohammed, a devout follower of his more illustrious namesake, is now on the offensive. He always loathed Abedi and the bank's pimps and cocaine dealers. It was Mohammed who was responsible for Zafar Iqbal's arrest, an event which has shaken the palace to its very core.

Just before the arrests Swaleh Naqvi seemed surprisingly confident. When questioned about this he said: "Wait till I publish my real list!" Both Naqvi and Abedi have the list of people paid off on every continent and the intelligence services on whose behalf they shifted a lot of money (these, incidentally, include Mossad and Boss).

Meanwhile there is also a great deal of anger here at the attempt by your newspapers to divert attention away from Price Waterhouse and the Bank of England and to try and make our ruler the only scapegoat. Naqvi always used to introduce the auditors from PW as "the guardians of our integrity" to loud applause and knowing laughter.

By the way, isn't it slightly ironic that Zafar Iqbal's son is currently an apprentice at Price Waterhouse, while the son of another imprisoned former BCCI executive, Dildar Fizvi, also graduated from the same firm?

Most of the Abu Dhabians are now graduates of western universities and have been heard to mutter that the emirate badly needs modernisation and democracy. We all sincerely hope this does not produce another desert storm.

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

ARRESTED at Gatwick airport on his way to a dream holiday in Greece, Mr James Routam, a stone-cleaner said:

"The cosh in my hand-luggage is to deal with the jellyfish I shall meet while bathing. It is a telescopic cosh because that will cause less attention on the beach."

The cosh was ordered to be destroyed.

"DANGA KUAYAO was behaving suspiciously and when he had been given a few slaps said he would take us to where he had hidden the money," said Inspector T.C, Damune of the Mjini, Kenya, plantation police.

"As he was leading us to the Maragua Banana Farm, a grey-haired woman ran up saying that he was her son and that we should not slap him because he was suffering from mumps. My officers sprang away from them both in alarm, and, before I could make them rearrest Kuayao, he and his mother ran off into the trees and have not been seen since."

"WE WILL be installing a fully electronic bird-warning system as soon as the funds are available," said Mr Thomas Bentley, of Trentside Airport.

"In the meantime, our clients are given every protection by Mrs Primrose Wickerfly, our marketing director, and her assistant, Miss Jane Barry, who get themselves silhouetted at the end of the runway and raise and beat their arms, 30 beats to the minute, while squeaking at the top of their voices.

"This gives the local birds the impression that the runway is guarded by two enormous eagles, each with a seven-foot wingspan."

"I RETURNED home from a day's shopping to find the house next door to ours completely surrounded by armed police with tracker dogs, super-sensitive microphones, heat-seeking devices, fire masks, and a special video-photography unit," said Mr John Williams, of No. 5 Hawkins Grove, Hornchurch.

"As I went up to the man in charge, he raised his hand and his men charged the front door, broke it in with a portable battering-ram machine, and dashed in holding their weapons high, as you see on the television. When they had gone inside I was able to tell the commander, Chief Inspector Harold Copse, that the house was, in fact, empty. He replied that they were looking for a dangerous criminal and could not overlook any possibility of concealment.

"Later it turned out that the man they were looking for was hiding under a bed at No. 9."

"I WAS in Newark market when I saw this man selling trained fleas to children," said Mrs Betty Hut, a housewife from Thornton Heath.

"They watched in amazement as the fleas pulled little trailers and jumped through hoops. But the man rounded off the act by eating the fleas and saying: 'There's plenty more where they came from.' So I have reported him to the RSPCA.

SEARCHING the suitcase of an Indian at Ben Gurion Airport, Israeli customs officials discovered that it contained the skull and bones of a human, carefully arranged in plastic bags.

"These are the mortal remains of my father. I am a sailor and I do not have a permanent home. I travel with them because I have never found a place where they can be buried. I am unable to separate myself from them," the man said.

The documents he carried supported his words. He was allowed on his way.

INFORMATION: Surrey Mirror 18.7.91; Kenya Nation 13.7.91; East Anglian Daily Times 17.7.91; Birmingham Post 20.2.91; Newark Trader 28.3.91; Dawn (Karachi) 24.7.91.

MONITORS: Julie Plisner Haines, Andrew Holgate, Donald M. McNicoll, Anthony Sargent, Alan Dorling, Prof. Alan Roberts.

● The race is won — British Telecom's 'Royal Ascot' float which won the Cornish float championship prize.

The West Briton & Royal Cornwall Gazette

"Do you mind if I go in front of you? I'm bursting!"

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

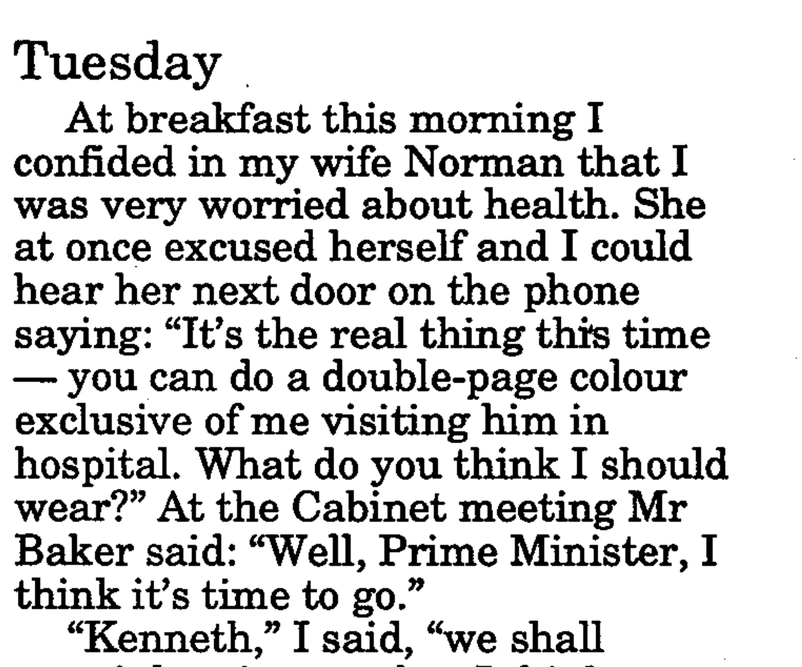
Monday

I am considerably delighted that my tour of the world, meeting famous world leaders, has been a great success. I am now 4 per cent ahead in the polls and apparently when the voters are asked "Which party leader is the most convincing world statesman?" only 2 per cent named Mr Kinnock, whereas my rating of 28 per cent was within striking distance of Mr Ashdown on 74 per cent. He, of course, has the advantage of having been in the SAS, which the pollsters do not take into account when they ask their questions. Besides which, I have been away and people may have forgotten who I am. When I came into the office this morning, my friend Chris said: "John, I hope it's spring?" Obviously Chris has been working too hard on winning the election, and I had to point out to him quite firmly that it was, if he cared to look out of the window, still autumn.

Tuesday

At breakfast this morning I confided in my wife Norman that I was very worried about health. She at once excused herself and I could hear her next door on the phone saying: "It's the real thing this time — you can do a double-page colour exclusive of me visiting him in hospital. What do you think I should wear?" At the Cabinet meeting Mr Baker said: "Well, Prime Minister, I think it's time to go."

"Kenneth," I said, "we shall certainly miss you, but I think you have made the right decision."



For the first time in my memory, the considerably annoying smile vanished instantly from his by no means unsmug face. "No Prime Minister", he said, "I am talking about the election." At this everyone started to talk at once, and eventually I had to shut them up. I promised that I would make up my mind about an autumn election by March at the latest.

Wednesday

Today I took the decision. I would definitely stay in tonight so that Norman and I could have a romantic candlelit Sainsbury's Chicken Tikka dinner in front of the play about how we got rid of Mrs Thatcher. I have to say that I was very considerably disappointed. For a start the actor who was meant to be playing me was very wooden and uninspiring. He totally lacked charisma. Also they got everything completely wrong. When they had a whole scene showing me in bed reading the novel by Jeffrey Archer, I did not have the top button of my pyjamas undone, as they showed. I always do up all my buttons, as a simple phone call to Mr O'Donnell could easily have found out. Honestly! What's the use of having buttons if you do not use them!

Thursday

Mr O'Donnell is certainly, in my judgement, an extraordinary man. Last night he predicted, tapping his nose with his finger, that there would be good news for me in tomorrow's papers and, when I looked at them this morning, he was absolutely right! He must be psychic because of his Irish blood! All the papers had the same headline — "Kinnock Can't Win — But Refuses To Quit, Thank Goodness." This is very good news, and at the Cabinet meeting everyone congratulated me. "Everything points to autumn, Prime Minister" said Mr Hurd. "Oh yes," I said. "There is quite a chill in the air and the leaves are quite distinctly turning to gold."

"The election, for heavens sake," said Mr Hurd. "We are all waiting for you to make up your mind." "I shall make up my mind when I have decided to do so," I said, in my special stern voice, which so terrified Mr Deng in China that he dropped the noodles off his chopsticks. That showed them who is the boss around here!

Friday

My friend Chris came in first thing this morning to say that he had got a brilliant new angle for our campaign against Mr Kinnock. We should all make speeches saying that Mr Kinnock is just a dim political lightweight with no real principles who has abandoned the politics of

conviction in an attempt to move his party into the bland middle ground of opportunistic compromise. "Well done, Chris," I said. "That should certainly make it obvious what the difference is between our party and theirs."

Saturday

This morning there was a knock on the door and a man gave me £2 million in an old suitcase. What a kind thought! I had never met Mr Latsis before but he told me he is a Greek philanthropist rather like our Jeffrey Archer. This is quite a recommendation, in my judgement.

Minutes later there was another knock at the door and another kind man whom I had never met gave me a postal order for £1 million. He said his name was Mr Lik-ah-Sing, I think, though he had a strong Chinese accent and it was difficult to tell.

Anyway, this is one in the eye for Mr Kinnock. How can he claim that there is no investment in this country when so many foreign businessmen are willing to invest in the Conservative party?

Let him answer that if he can.

Sunday

My friend Chris tells me that today we are four points down in the polls — back to where we were when Mrs Thatcher was in charge.

"That shows I am just as popular as she was," I told him and he gave me one of his funny looks.

"Click! You are now looking at your own home. You have forgotten to hand your cassette guide in at the gallery..."

EXCLUSIVE

FIFTH MAN NAMED

by our Espionage Staff **The Right Rev. John Le Carey**

IN a sensational twist to the long-running saga of The Cambridge Spy Ring, the KGB today revealed that Sir Adrian Mole, the retired Provence recluse, was the fifth man to be named as the fifth man.

This makes 25 in all and has added to the confusion over exactly who was the first man — the first fifth man, obviously not the first first man, who was Anthony Burgess, the well-known author and friend of the second man (the first second man not the second fifth man) Alastair McLean, also an author and confidante of fellow Cambridge communist Sir Anthony Blond, the publisher of Private Eye.

The furore over the twelfth man, however, continues. Is it, as widely believed, the Cambridge-educated Derek Pringle or is it, as some suspect, novelist Graham Greene, the Essex all-rounder and master spy?

(That's more than enough men. Ed.)

Olivier 'gay' shock!

by our Theatrical Staff **Kurt Knupp**

SIR DOROTHY Olivier, the legendary actor, had a long and passionate friendship with Danny La Rue, claims the controversial new biography of the theatrical peer by American Olivierologist, Reinhardt Knifejob III.

The book claims that Lord Dorothy developed a crush on Danny Blanchflower when he went to Hollywood and they starred together in MGM's famous musical, *The Fairy Tales of James Christian Anderton.*

Friends of Dorothy were outraged at this slur on the reputation of Britain's most distinguished hologram. Said lifelong friend, Sir John Gielgud: "Dorry and I were very close and I never noticed anything untoward."

Sir Ian McKellen, however, went further. "Dotty was a man's man. If he sought solace in the arms of various women over the years, now is not the time to bring it up. If whilst he was having an affair with Danny Baker he was secretly married to some actress or other, you have to remember the atmosphere of the times."

The late Danny Kaye is 107.

POETRY CORNER

Lines on the departure of Derek Jameson from his Radio Two morning programme, by mutual agreement with the BBC.

So. Farewell
Then,
Derek Jameson.

You have
Been sacked.

"Blimey!"

That was
Your catchphrase.

"Here are the
New Seekers."

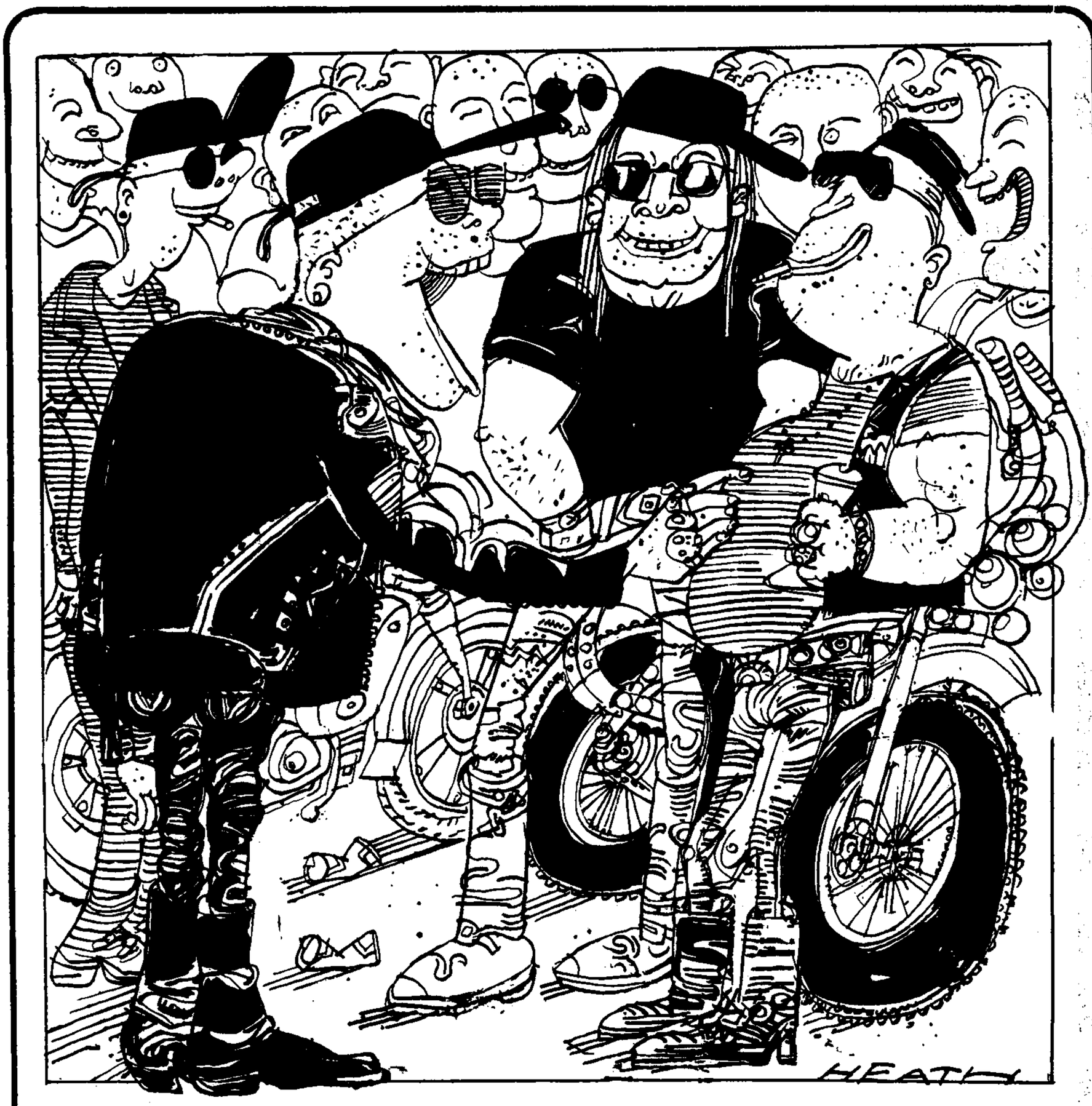
That was
Another.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

DEREK JAMESON:
Morning show axed

Popular BBC radio broadcaster Derek Jameson, 81, has been told that, after five years, his peak-time BBC Radio 2 morning show is to be dropped.

Hello!

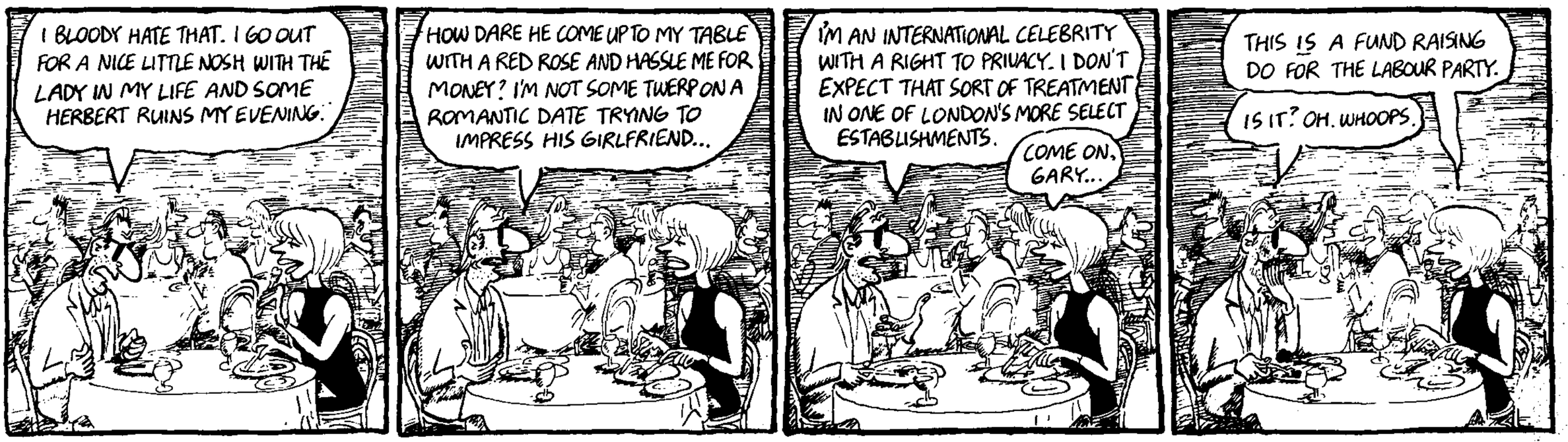


Great Bores Of Today.

"... I think he's fantastic you remember in *Blazing Saddles* where they all sat round the campfire eating baked beans? you can imagine what happened ha ha ha and with that black sheriff it was way ahead of its time and what about *The Producers*? fantastic *Springtime for Hitler* was so outrageous and he's Jewish you know which makes it even more amazing and what about when the hunch moved in *Young Frankenstein*? fantastic it was so funny I've got it on video back to back with *High Anxiety* fantastic and *Spaceballs* fantastic I thought I was going to be sick and this new one is even more brilliant I saw him on the telly with the bag lady do you know he's married to Anne Bancroft? she was in *The Graduate* that was brilliant Dustin Hoffman's amazing in it have you seen *Rain Man*? he could count up to five million in a second... remember that scene in *Blazing Saddles* ha ha ha..."

Celeb

LIGGER


I BLOODY HATE THAT. I GO OUT FOR A NICE LITTLE NOSH WITH THE LADY IN MY LIFE AND SOME HERBERT RUINS MY EVENING.
HOW DARE HE COME UP TO MY TABLE WITH A RED ROSE AND HASSLE ME FOR MONEY? I'M NOT SOME TWERP ON A ROMANTIC DATE TRYING TO IMPRESS HIS GIRLFRIEND...
I'M AN INTERNATIONAL CELEBRITY WITH A RIGHT TO PRIVACY. I DON'T EXPECT THAT SORT OF TREATMENT IN ONE OF LONDON'S MORE SELECT ESTABLISHMENTS.
COME ON, GARY...
THIS IS A FUND RAISING DO FOR THE LABOUR PARTY.
IS IT? OH. WHOOPS.

Daily Mail

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1991

28p

FEMAIL

Jaci Slagg's *A to Z of Sexy Bums.* Today Andreas Whittam-Smith

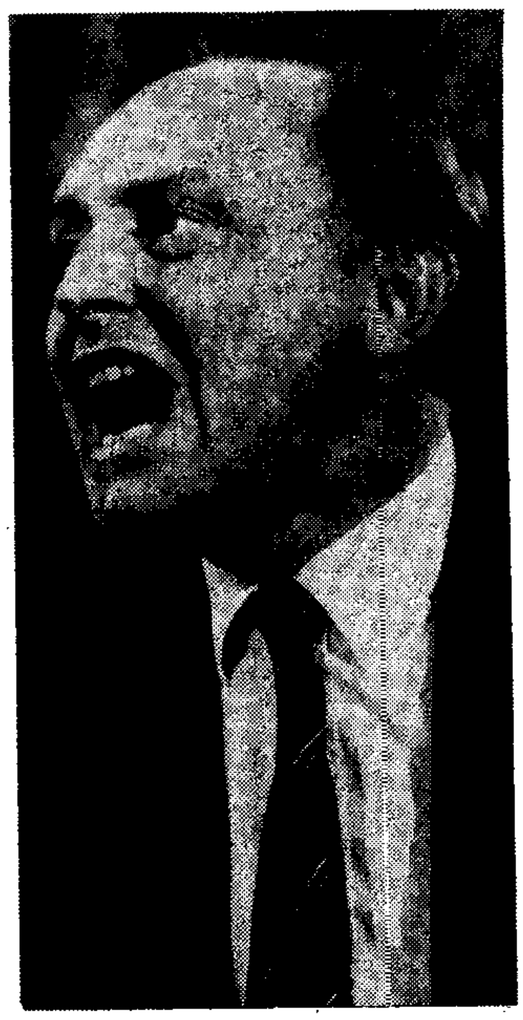
Does Cancer Give You Cancer – *A Mail Healthprobe*

Would You Give A Condom To Your 11-Year-Old-Daughter? *asks Glenda Lee-Potter*

RETIREMENT

Isn't It Time For Sir David To Call It A Day?

KINNOCK A GAY MASS MURDERER



Poll Blow To Labour Hopes

by Our Mail Staff PETER VOTE-TORY

IF IT were to be revealed that Neil Kinnock was a homosexual mass-murderer in the style of Denis Nielsen, this could cost Labour the next general election.

This was the shock finding of a poll specially commissioned by the *Daily Express* from the TORI (Those Outrageous Ridiculous Idiots) organisation, which showed that 97% of the electorate would be "less likely to vote Labour" if these allegations were proved to be true.

Major Wonderful

This was the question that was put to a cross-section of over four people in our office late last night:

"If you had the choice between writing this absurd piece of Tory propaganda and being fired, which would you choose?"

74% said: "Paddy Ashdown", 12% said: "David Owen" and 25% replied: "Shorry, I've jusht been in a very important editorial conferrensh."

In a further poll, conducted next weekend, when voters were asked: "If Winnie Kinnock was found guilty of murdering four black youths with rubber necklaces, don't you think Norman Lamont is doing a brilliant job in getting inflation under control?" 100% replied: "John Major is the greatest and most statesmanlike figure in the history of politics."

The Sun-Today poll last night plunged Labour Party headquarters into a frenzy of suicidal internecine turmoil. Party members openly ran round corridors shouting: "The Tories are going to win — they're much better than us."

An anonymous leading member of the Shadow Cabinet (John Smith) said last night: "This only goes to prove that under Neil Kinnock's leadership we are all doomed — do you hear me, doomed!"

Schism in Magic Circle over plan to ordain women magicians

by Our Conjuring Staff SIR GEOFFREY HOWEDINI

TRADITIONALISTS were up in arms today when it was announced that, after 2,000 years, female illusionists are to be allowed to perform the ritual of producing a rabbit out of a hat.

Said the Archcreep of Daniels: "Women are totally unacceptable as celebrants of these ancient mysteries. For thousands of years they have played a valuable role by being sawn in half and coming on in skimpy costumes to disappear from cabinets, but they should stick to what they were biologically created for."

But the more liberal wing of the Magic Circle believes that, after many millennia of male dominance, the age of Gaia has at last come to the wand-wielding world of the wizards.

"From now on," said leading American illusionist Noella Pickacarda, "we're going to saw men in half and not put them together again, the bastards."

Gaia Servadio is 73.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles and Diana are motoring down to see her parents at Althorp.

Now read on...

"IT'S VERY sweet of you, Chazzo. I know you find both of them a bit of a strain and Dame Barbara is not everyone's cup of tea..." Charles guided his latest acquisition, a 12-litre Nissan Dorma GTX, through the tree-lined lanes of Northamptonshire, the leaves on the cedars already tinged with gold as Mistress Autumn painted her perennial magic on the landscape that *(Get on with it. Ed.)*

Charles felt a warm surge of sympathy for his beautiful young bride.

"No, no, darling. It's no problem. I'm very fond of your people, Your Pater and I have had many er... sort of... talk thingies... the weather and those wonderful pictures in the house that he is so fond of..."

Charles remembered in particular standing with Diana's father in front of the priceless *Adoration of the Maggi* by Giovanni Junore. And there was another time, when the kindly old Earl had asked his help in completing the *Daily Telegraph* crossword with a nine-letter word beginning with 'A' and ending with '-ing' meaning "terrible".

Diana touched his hand demurely. "You really are a sweeto, Chazza," she said.

Charles, rather embarrassed by his wife's compliment, quickly changed the subject.

"Er... is that Japanese stuff all right in the back?" He nodded towards the rear seat, piled high with ornate Japanese objets d'art, the gifts of Prince Origami and the beautiful Princess Jili Kupa at the opening of the recent Japanese Exhibition.

"I thought the rice-paper Dragon table would look very nice in the Casson Room at Highgrove, next to the Louis XIV embonpoint that President Mitterrand gave us — you know, the one with the digital clock in the leg..."

Diana's mind was already elsewhere. They had turned into the long gravel drive that led to the iron gates upon which she and her brother Chokey (now Viscount Althorp) had swung as children. Now the gates bore the incongruous sign CAR BOOT SALE TODAY.

Charles stared at the sign incredulously, turning it over in his mind. How could you sell the boot of a car without the rest of it? Or were they selling wellingtons from a car? They did make boots in this part of the world. It was good to see traditional crafts surviving. Perhaps he should replace his own pair of Price Waterhouse "Countrymen" with these new boots that they were selling. It was a stroke of luck in fact that they had come here today. How had Sir Laurens van der Post put it in his book, *My Travels in the Serendipity*? "Luck be a lady tonight..." How true that was, how very very true...

Diana broke his reverie with a squeal of delight.

"Look darling! There's Pater. Stop the car!"

She got out and ran towards the rubicund figure of the Earl as he crouched in the herbaceous border pruning his beloved *Linbarbaria* and *Petronella wyatti*.

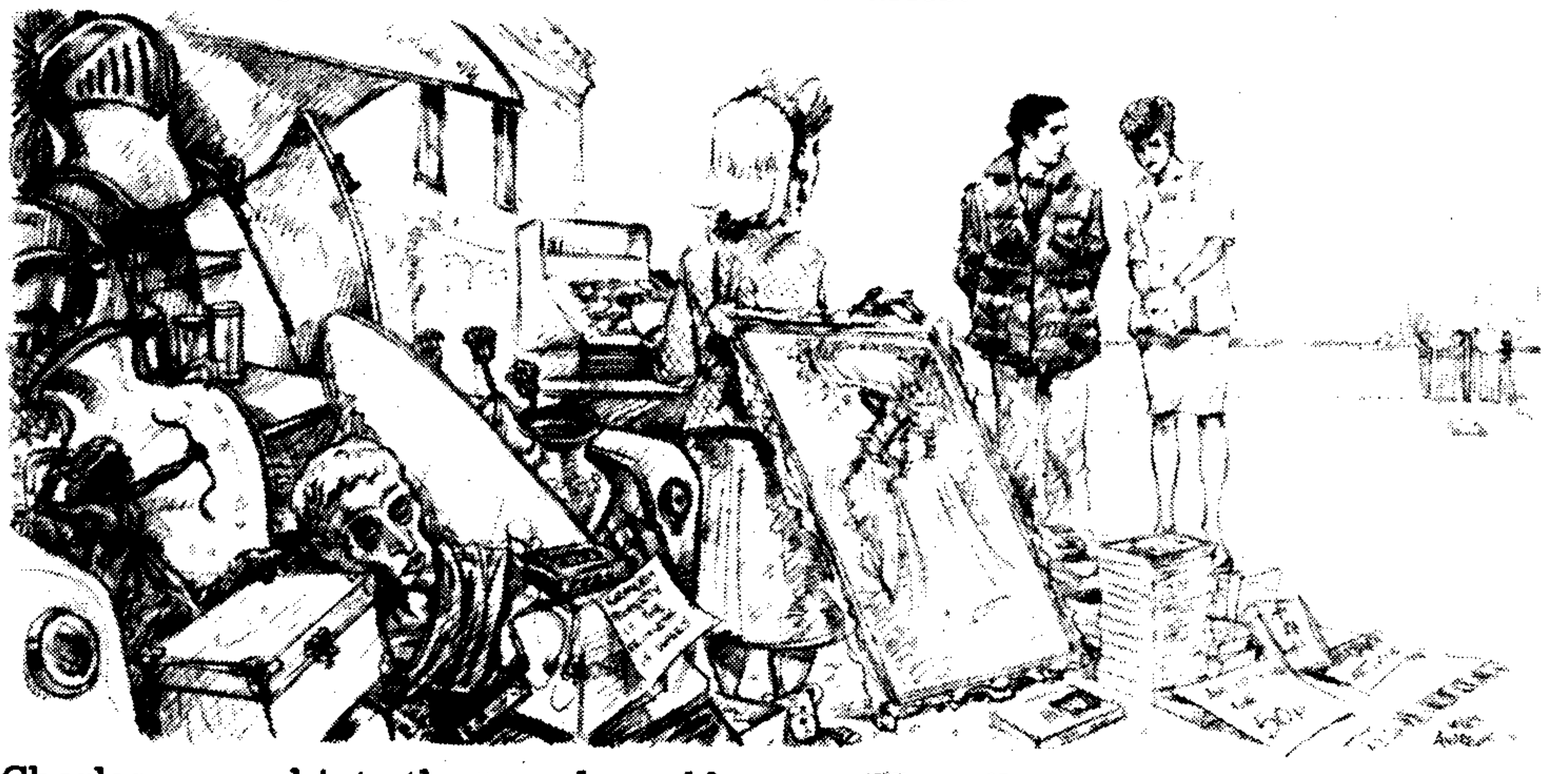
"Pater!" she cried, her arms flung wide to embrace him.

"Hello, my girl. You're looking lovely, as always. And there's Charles. Hello, Sir! Let's all go and find Raine, she's up by the stables... some sort of fête going on... lot of people."

"WHAT a lot of people!" Charles gazed in surprise at the crowds thronging round an elderly 1932 Rolls Royce Silver Spoon with the lid of the boot up. Somewhere in the middle of the melee stood the well-groomed figure of Raine Spencer. She was standing in front of a cash register on a trestle table and was addressing the assembled visitors in her shrill aristocratic manner.

"Roll up! Roll up! Ladies and gents! There's something for everyone! Special knock-down prices! I must be crazy to let this lot go!"

She dipped into the boot and then held aloft a gilt-framed Old Master.



Charles pressed into the crowd, unable to believe his eyes.

"Good Lord! It's the Giovanni Junore! It's worth millions!"

Raine Spencer leaned forward and thrust the Quattroformaggio masterpiece into Charles's hands.

"Yours for fifty quid, ducks. No cheques. Cash only."

At that point Diana intervened.

"Raine, what the hell are you doing? What are you flogging off now?"

Diana looked into the boot and spied a cornucopia of heirlooms — dusty volumes, paintings, figurines, candlesticks, cutlery, a replica of Diana's wedding dress, a battered Walkman labelled FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES and a 12th century suit of armour that had always stood in the Minstrels' Gallery and which had been converted into a cocktail cabinet by the 17th Earl. On a rug in front of the boot were piles of unopened paperbacks by Dame Barbara Cartland. The sign read HELP YOURSELF. ANY 10 FOR 50p.

Raine slammed the boot shut.

"Sale's over, everyone! Hello Diana! Hello Charles! Just having a raffle for the er... local... er...you know... er... fund... a very good cause... every penny helps. Do come in for a spot of lunch."

Diana turned on her heel and narrowed her eyes. "No thank you, Raine. You've gone too far this time. You haven't heard the last of this. Come on Chazzo, we're going."

She stormed off with Charles in tow back across the well-manicured lawns where the Earl, oblivious to it all, smiled happily as he took pot-shots with his Galton & Simpson 12-bore at a clay squirrel perched on a sundial.

But what was this? The crowd that Charles and Diana had seen earlier was now surrounding their car, which Charles had left unlocked. A bald man in a blue anorak came towards him, clutching a lacquered bamboo Kaminika Ceremonial Tea Set.

"How much for this, guv?" he asked.

"It's not for sale..." stammered Charles.

"You all say that, you nobs. Tell you what. I'll give you a quid to take it off your hands."

Charles was stunned. What was that word in the crossword that he had filled in for Earl Spencer? Whatever it was, it really was.

(To be continued)

WORLD OF FOOTBALL

NEASDEN CHAIRMAN IN RACE SLUR

by **E.I. Erewego,**
Our Man On The Terraces With The Chocolate-Coated Ice-Cream Crisps And The Can Of Hi-Energy Lucadextrol Professional Sports Drink

THE WORLD of soccer was rocked to its foundations last night when Brigadier Buffy Cohen lashed out at his own squad following the third ten-nil home defeat in a row.

Speaking on the Radio Neasden *Call Nick Christadoulos* programme, Brigadier Cohen told listening fans (Sid and Doris Bonkers) that the Neasden team were "white trash". He went on to explain that white players, in his experience, were "a bunch of drunken layabouts and criminals who wouldn't know one end of a football from another".

Kristallnacht Palace

When called upon later by the head of the Relegation League's Players Association, Mr Wally Foot, to defend his remarks, the Brigadier said he had misquoted himself.

What he had meant to say, the Brigadier explained, was that white players have no natural ability for the game and have poor motivation, and that their only talent is breaking into people's houses and stealing their videos. He hoped that this would clarify the matter once and for all.

Ron Knee is 57.

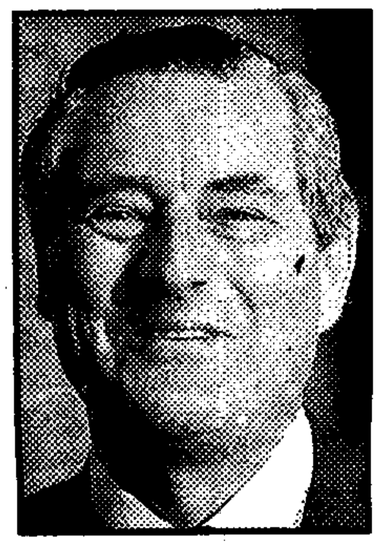
LATE SCORE

The Gail Ronson Charity Shield
1st round, 2nd leg

Ford Open Prison Reserves (Saunders, Ronson, Parnes, Lyons, Piggott [2], Pevsner [o.g.])	7
Neasden FC	0

(Match abandoned after half-time following disappearance of the entire Ford team)

An Apology on behalf of The Bank of England



Last week I was widely reported as having described the British economy as being a "walking disaster", a "total catastrophe" and as "facing the country with ruin on a scale never seen before in the history of the world". I may also have been reported as having suggested that Mr Norman Lamont was "an economic illiterate" who would not be capable of organising "a punch-up in a brewery". *(Shurely 'pish'? W.D.)*

These comments may have been taken to indicate that in some way I do not believe that Mr Lamont is the most brilliant Chancellor in history. But now that an election is imminent I realise that this financial wizard has been the architect of an economic miracle which should soon make Britain richer than Germany and Japan put together. *(Can I have my peerage please? R. L-P.)*

TV HIGHLIGHTS

Channel 4 9.00 pm

Minorities

In the first programme, the series looks at one of Britain's most reviled minority groups — Heads of Channel 4. Consisting of only one man, Michael Grade — or 'HC4', as he chooses to call himself — this minority is still subject to the most appalling discrimination and abuse.

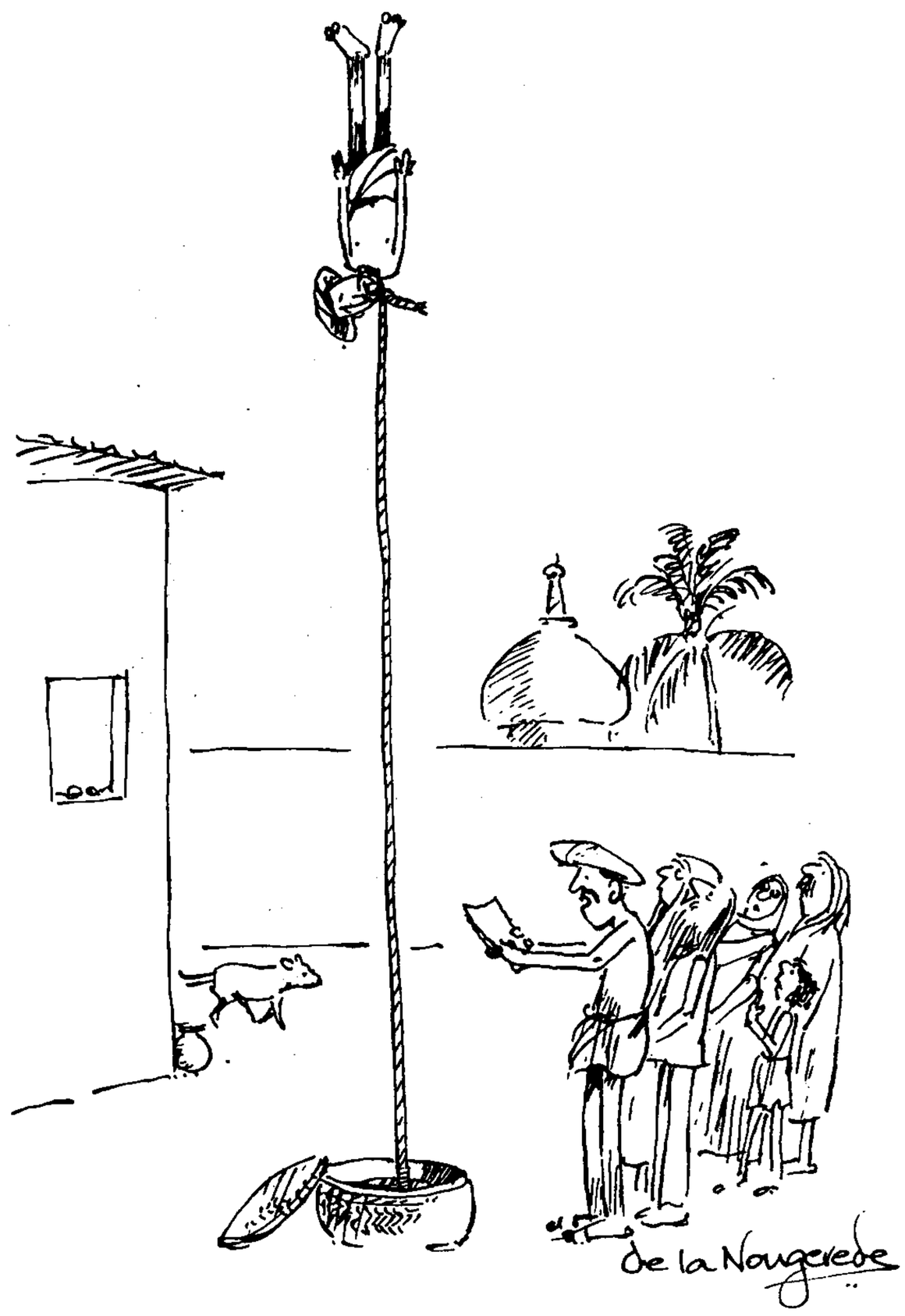
In this moving documentary, Michael tells of how the Channel 4 board refused to give him more than £500,000 when he asked for it.

"They said they didn't have any more money," says Michael, sitting at a desk in red braces, smoking a huge cigar. "They said they were broke. They said there was a recession on. It was pure discrimination."

But worse was to follow. The camera records in shocking detail how Mr Grade cannot even walk down the street without impoverished independent producers yelling at him. "You greedy bastard!" shouts one. "You self-seeking humbug!" cries another. "You've stolen our budget for the next five years!" screams a third, bursting into tears as Michael steps into his Rolls Royce.

The film bleakly admits that society offers no solution of Michael's dilemma.

NEXT WEEK: MINORITIES *looks at an even smaller minority, the Channel 4 audience (0).*



"The lack of tourists has driven him to it"

The Decline and Fall of The Evil Thatch

Two grey men with glasses (possibly Geoffrey Howe and John Major)

DOUGLAS HURD *(for it is he):* She's gone too far. You'll have to do something, Geoffrey.

(Cut to man with ill-fitting blond wig)

MRS THATCHER *(surely Michael Heseltine):* I can't stand yet. Someone will have to bowl the first googly if we're going to break her bat.

(Cut to House of Commons)

MAN WITH GLASSES *(probably G. Howe):* So I say to this House that when you're talking about declaring your innings closed, you should make sure you bowl the maiden over!

(Men gasp with shock and wave top hats furiously. Cut to cockney news vendor standing in fog in front of placard reading HOWE'S BOMBSHELL SPEECH)

NEWSVENDOR: Cor, blimey, *Star — News — Standard*! Strike a light, guv'nor, that Geoffrey Howe's gone too far this time.

(Cut to woman with pearls - possibly Lady Olga Maitland or Libby Purves)

WOMAN: He's gone too far, Selwyn.

SELWYN GUMDROP *(bursting into tears):* I love you, Maggie, I love you.

(Cut to Jeffrey Archer in bed reading John Major's Diary.)

ARCHOLE: I say, this is jolly good stuff. I wonder if Mike Heseltine will throw his hat into the ring?

(Cut to man in blond wig walking down country lane with beautiful wife and dog)

LESLIE TITMUSS: Darling, I think it is my duty to the Party and the country to become prime minister. But it'll be a close one.

(Cut to shot of blond man throwing hat in ring. Cut to two Heseltine supporters in suits and glasses)

FIRST MAN: This Gold Blend is an awfully sophisticated coffee, don't you agree?

POWER-DRESSED WOMAN: I'm just off to New York on Concorde, but I'll be back in time to vote.

FIRST MAN: I think Michael's got it in the bag — but perhaps we should ask John or Douglas to stand?

(Cut to two grey men with glasses and wellington boots walking through field talking to each other on portable phones)

HURD *(for it is possibly he):* John, I'll stand if you will.

MAJOR: I can't say anything now, Douglas, someone's with me.

(Cut to man in herringbone coat standing in front of door labelled NUMBER TEN DOWNING STREET)

MAN IN COAT *(John Cole or possibly John Simpson):* Make no mistake, as the key vote takes place tonight, Mrs Thatcher is battling for her political life. Three hundred Tory MPs I have just spoken to, all lied to me and I predict the result will be too close to call.

(Cut to fat old man crying)

OLD MAN: Oh no, my God, I've messed it all up. It's all my fault. And as I am Peter Morrison, the not very well-known campaign manager for Mrs Thatcher, I'd better just sit here and cry.

(Cut to man in House of Commons reading out results)

MAN: This is a major scandal. We seem to have lost three votes. I hope Granada don't find out, or they will make a whole drama documentary about it.

OTHER MAN: The results are as follows: Heseltine, 178 votes, Thatcher (Mrs) 183 votes. I hereby declare John Major Prime Minister.

(Cut to John Selwyn Gumboot weeping in corner. Tallis's 40-part Motet "Thatch In Extremis" swells to climax as credits roll)

CAST

MRS THATCHER . . . . . Thora Hird

MICHAEL HESELTINE . . . . . Martina Navratilova

JOHN MAJOR . . . . . Michael Fish

DOUGLAS HURD . . . . Barry Took

GEOFFREY HOWE . Ronnie Barker

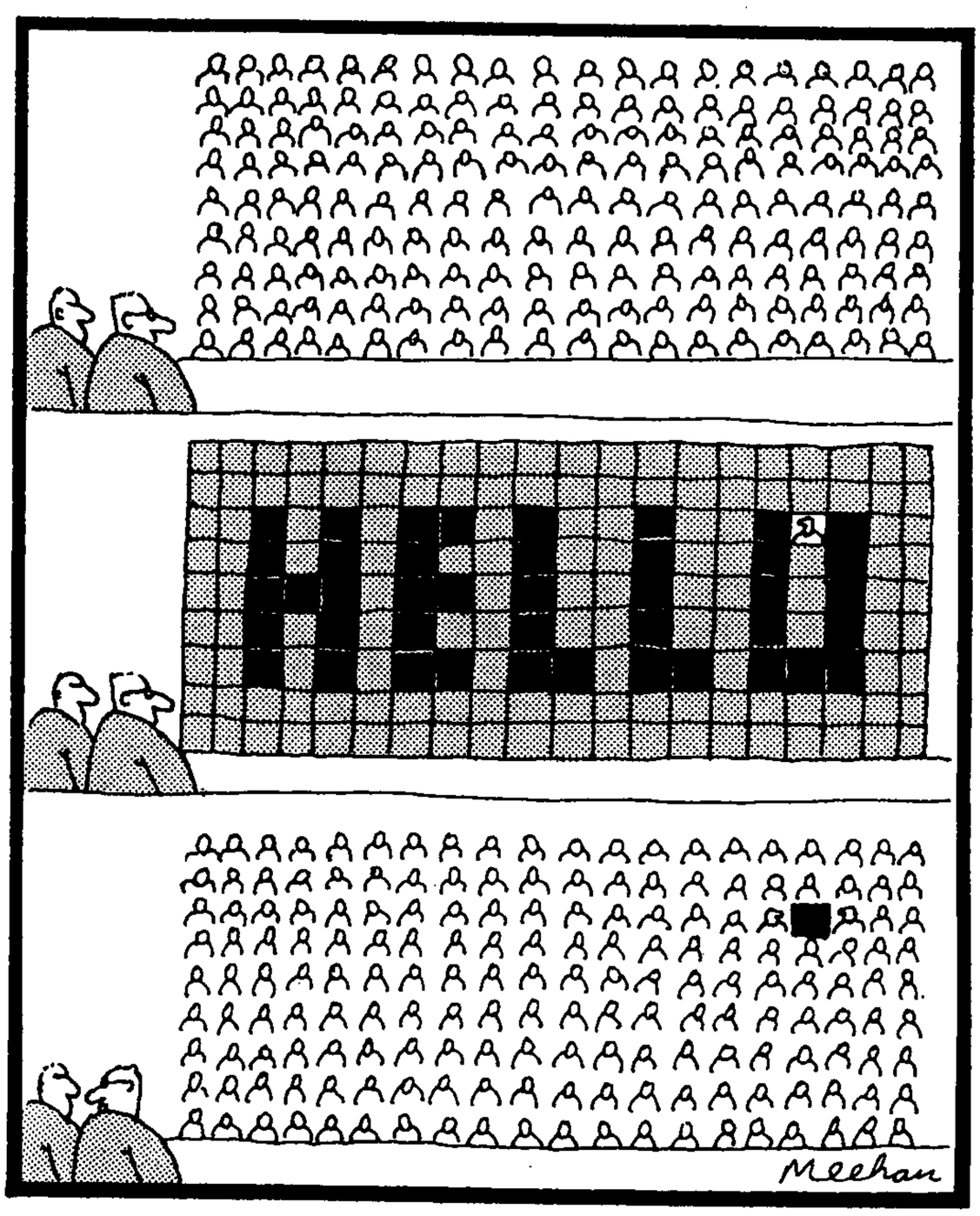
SIR SIMON TEESDALE, UNDER SECRETARY TO THE CABINET . . . . . Robert Redford

(That's enough cast. Ed)

From Sir Bufton Tufton

SIR, As a Member of Parliament of many years standing, I would like to register the strongest possible protest at the absolute travesty of the truth represented by the above play *How They Booted Out Thatch*. The teacups shown in the House of Commons canteen were the wrong colour. Since I had the honour to sit on the House of Commons Catering Committee between 1973 and 1976, under the chairmanship of Sir Reginald Shirtlifter, I can assure your readers that we took the decision nem con that the crockery in the House should all be of a distinctive and tasteful design — namely gold and blue with a small monogram in red, showing the old Ministry of Works logo. But the sight of Sir Geoffrey Howe apparently wearing an MCC tie gave the final lie to this farrago of malicious nonsense. Sir Geoffrey, as everybody knows, allowed his membership to lapse in 1988, owing to an oversight by his secretary. Furthermore...

(Continued p. 94)



"Lose the anarchist"

For God's sake, leave them alone!

says
Glenda Slagg
in the village of L'Aigue-aux-Verres, Provence

JILL MORRELL and John McCarthy are just another couple in love. For years they have been waiting for this moment of happiness when they can look into each other's eyes, smile and rekindle their love for each other away from the prying eyes of the world.

How sickening, then, to find that the prurient media have tracked them down to this tiny cottage in France. It should have been their dream holiday, but it has now turned into a nightmare! How loathsome of the peeping paparazzi to hound John 'n' Jill in their well-deserved days of wine and roses.

"Are the press being intrusive?" I shouted through the letterbox as I shoved a microphone into the hallway.

"Aren't you sick of the tabloids?" I asked as I climbed up the ivy and tried to force my way in through an upstairs window.

"Do you want to be alone?" I screamed through the keyhole of the bedroom into which they had locked themselves.

Their reply was sadly drowned out by the sound of the helicopter lowering my photographer down the chimney. However his pictures tell the poignant story of two young lovers who just want some time to themselves.

Why oh why can't anyone get the message?

© Glenda Slagg

NEXT WEEK: Are they at it? An exclusive report.

Those Swedish election results in full

INGMARBERGMAN (South): Lars Exittobrooklyn (Social Democratic Party) 3360; Lars Tangoinparis (Democratic Social Alliance Party) 8642; Lars Ofthesummerwine (Allied Socialist and Democratic Party) 11,431; Bjorn Again-Nazi (Right-Wing Thatcherite Party) 212,412.

Swing to Right-Wing Alliance of 84 per cent.

SMÖRGESBÖRD (Central): Olaf Saab (Social Drinks Party) 316; Francine Stockholm (Suicide for All Party) 0; Lundqvist Aga (Social Democratic Allied Condom Party) 0; Himmler Himmlerson (Keep Sweden Blond and Pure Alliance) 412,612.

Swing to Right of 96 per cent.

(That's enough Swedish election results. Ed.)

"You may search far and wide, but you'll never find the right bags to fit your hoover"

The Noble Art of Prostitution

by Top *Evening Standard* Columnist A.N Wislon

FOR CENTURIES the gentle art of selling oneself to the highest bidder has been a delightful feature of English literary life.

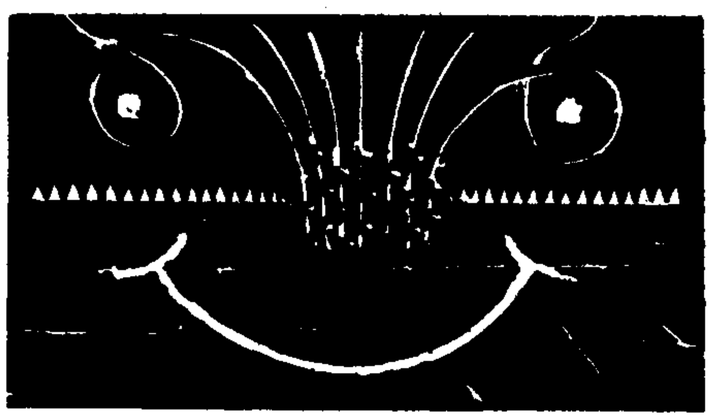
The professional who will do anything for money has often been scorned by high-minded prudes and puritans. But to my mind the literary harlot who can earn up to £1000 in the course of an evening for doing almost nothing is someone to be admired.

With their age-old cry, "Like a nice price, dearie?", these call-guys are available at all times of day or night to churn out 800 words to gratify the desire of any punter who is prepared to pay the going rate.

All they have to do is lie back and think of the first thing that comes into their heads. Then they just ring up the *Daily Mail* or the *Evening Standard* and "give it to the desk".

One thinks of such great courtesans of the word as Peter McKay or myself. *(Is this enough? A.W.)*

DIARY



ROY JENKINS

Might I use this opportunity to clear the air on the vexed issue of relations between myself and Dr Owen? Contrary to press speculation, I have always maintained the very greatest admiration for Owen's remarkable strengths as a politician, among which I would number terrific stubbornness in the face of all reasonable opposition, an outstanding ability to divide and rule, a single-minded determination to get his own way and a wholly unrivalled faith in his own abilities. Nor did he ever allow himself to succumb to the prevailing political sin of excessive modesty. That he never cut much of a figure on the international stage should not be counted against him, for it owed less, I would say, to his comparative youth than to his sincerely-held inability to get on with others. I hope now that talk of any rancour on my part against Owen will cease; time and time again, I have found myself defending him against his many enemies throughout Europe and the world at large. On a more personal level, to those who have found cause to cavil at his curiously large posterior, I have long maintained that they should do their level best to put it behind them.

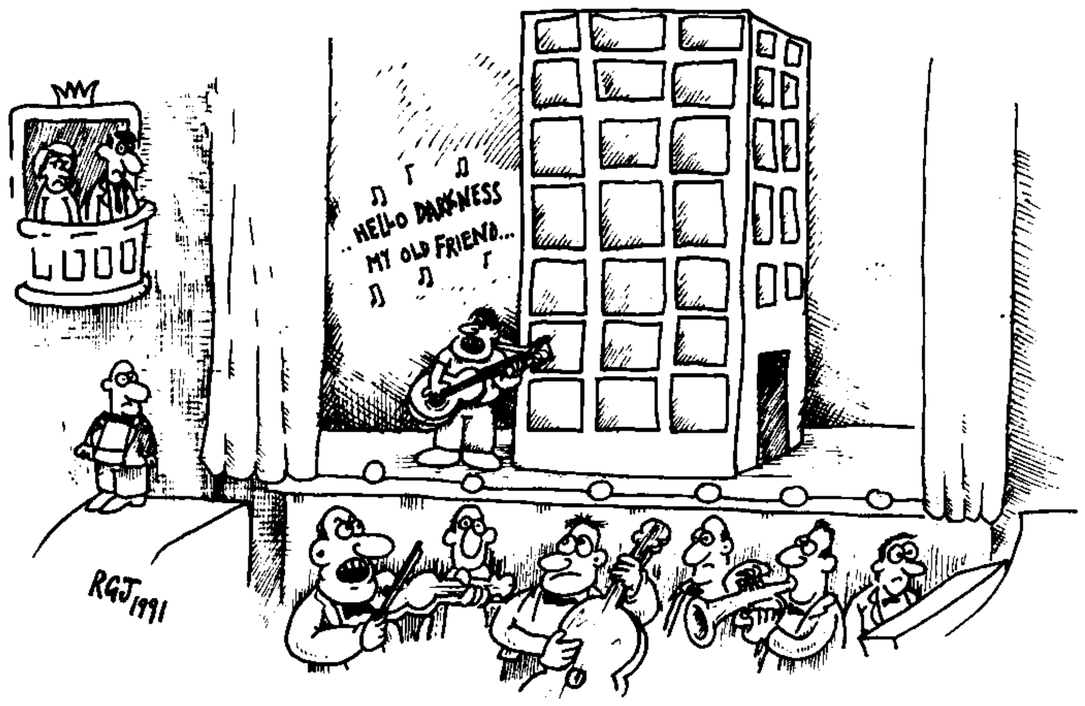
Dining Companions of International Stature (1): Mao Tse Tung. Throughout our historic meeting, Mao maintained great interest in what I had to say on the subject of world affairs. As he spooned special fried rice into that by no means inconsiderable mouth of his, he listened with keen attention while I transmitted through his interpreter my perorations on European Fiscal Policy and its broader implications, all the time nodding his understanding and agreement. Towards the end of the banquet, I congratulated our interpreter on his excellent understanding of my English. He looked a little vacant, smiled, and resumed his conversation in Chinese with the Chairman. Regrettably, the finer points of Fiscal Policy had, for the past two hours, been floating into the Peking air. Nevertheless, I feel sure that, over the course of time, Mao came to look back on his meeting with myself as one of the by no means lesser peaks in his long and eventful political career.

I fully believe, after careful and, I might add, not wholly unimpressive peroration, that any senior political figure worth his salt is the better for maintaining a healthy sideboard of outside interests. A fixed obsession with the political life can be as debilitating for the inner person as it is limiting to the political outlook. Who knows? — perhaps if I had been less of what one might call a "fully rounded" human being, I might have gained the highest office in the land. Some have suggested that my failure lay in my being over-qualified for the post, and this is a view with which I have no little sympathy. Others might see it as my grave misfortune that I was in their view too far-sighted, too broad-minded, and, frankly, simply too concerned with the long-term interests of the country to focus with the necessary blinkered zeal on his most coveted of titles. Nevertheless, I cannot help but feel in all modesty that the country's loss is my gain, for I have developed as a civilised human being in ways denied to those of my contemporaries who have held those chains of office.

When I view those for whom the Prime Ministerial banquet was a reality, I am left wondering, now that they have laid down their knives and forks, if for them the repast was truly worthwhile. I think of my old colleague Jim Callaghan, known with affection by so many of us who worked alongside him as "that Machiavellian rat", who now finds little to do in life other than wear those absurd spectacles and grin knowingly from time to time; and I think of poor old Harold who is, alas, now firmly resident in Number 10 Cloud-Cuckoo Street. Though I had the very greatest admiration for both of them, and vice versa, I cannot help but wonder whether they were not a mite too obsessed with the political life. Their interest in world literature, for instance, was negligible. On a more personal note, my own reading list at present includes Robert Rhodes James' agreeable biography of Bob Boothby, Nicholas Ridley's recent autobiography, the latest Norman Fowler, Jim Callaghan's *Time and Tide*, a re-perusal of Francis Pym's informative *Politics of Consent* and, for sheer pleasure, a canter through the forthcoming memoirs of Bill Rodgers, particularly those passages relating to the first President of the SDP.

Dining Companions of International Stature (2): Pope John Paul II. As President of the European Broccoli and Cauliflower Florets Commission (1981), engaged in the complex but by no means objectionable task of coming up with a broad definition, acceptable to all member states, of the term "floret" as applied to both Broccoli and Cauliflower (final report still pending), I enjoyed the immense pleasure of welcoming Pope John Paul II to my dining-table. Nervous as he was at meeting me, I contrived to set him at his ease by insisting that there was absolutely no need whatsoever in this day and age for him to kneel, and that, as President of the HBCFC, I was fully within my rights to ask him to relax in my company. The memory of our meeting remains vivid, the abiding impression he left on me being one of wholehearted support for my achievements on the world stage. History will judge him, I would guess, one of the shrewdest Popes with whom I have found time to break bread.

I have often prided myself in getting on with what I would call "ordinary people", none more so than the Glaswegians. Marvellous folk, the Glaswegians, very vivid, and delightfully ordinary, with a great capacity for [memo: fill in suitable adjective later]. As their MP for five years, I came much to enjoy their ready wit and great good humour. "Very nice to meet you and your dear wife," I remember saying to an elderly Glaswegian. Quick as the proverbial flash, he replied, "Pissoffyableddyfuckarse!" which I swiftly realised was a typically big-hearted Glaswegian greeting. "And pissoffyableddyfuckarse to you and your good wife, too!" I retorted merrily, outstretching my hand for the gentleman to enjoy shaking. Alas, he missed, shaking me instead with great enthusiasm and warmth first by the neck and then by a combination of both ears. On leaving Glasgow in '87, I was told there would always be a welcome for me whene'er I cared to return. This I hope to do some time before the decade is out, commitments permitting.



"Good grief! Fancy booking Simon and Carbuncle for a Royal Variety Performance"

PHOTOGRAPHER'S PARADISE

DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE TO PHOTOGRAPH TOP PAGE 3 MODELS ABOARD A 40FT LUXURY MOTOR CRUISER.

All prices include flights, Travel Insurance, Airport tax, food and accommodation, plus Model feels.

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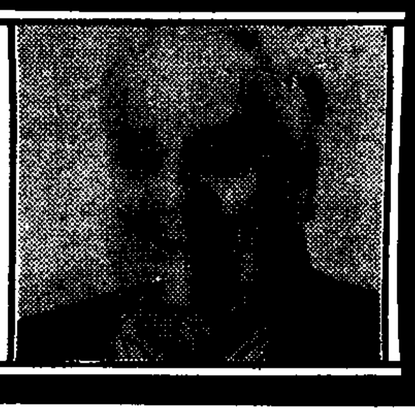
TV STAR SUPPORTS COMPANY

Judith Chalmers, TV celebrity, has lent her support to Safe-Buy UK



Redbridge Guardian

Literary Review

Amissed again

Time's Arrow
Martin Amis
(Jonathan Cape, £13.99)

ONE OF THE more edifying cultural sideshows of the past few years has been the spectacle of an earlier generation of literary *enfants terribles* growing up in public.

This process of maturation, undertaken by among others Ian McEwan and Julian Barnes, has had several aspects. It has taken in stern pronouncements in newspapers — last month's letter to the *Guardian* about the attempted Russian coup was a shining example — public head-scratching over feminism, the Bomb and the state of the Labour Party, and slowly but all too perceptibly, attended by a levee of admiring publicists, an urge to upset has transformed itself into an anxiety to please.

In the old days, of course, writers simply got converted to Catholicism or sucked up to Stalin and had done with it. We inhabit a less confident world, alas, where the only refuge is humanism. Martin Amis, having begun his career with bodily fluids and then taken a shot at the Bomb is now having a go at children. Interviewers dwell amiably on the infant scrawls adorning his study wall, and the appearance of a couple of babies among the crowded cast list of *London Fields* was widely held to be a sort of Damascene turning point. What is this thing called maturity? Can *I* have some? The realisation that people have kids and occasionally treat them in a less than scrupulous way scarcely counts as a heaven-sent revelation. But perhaps even this is a start.

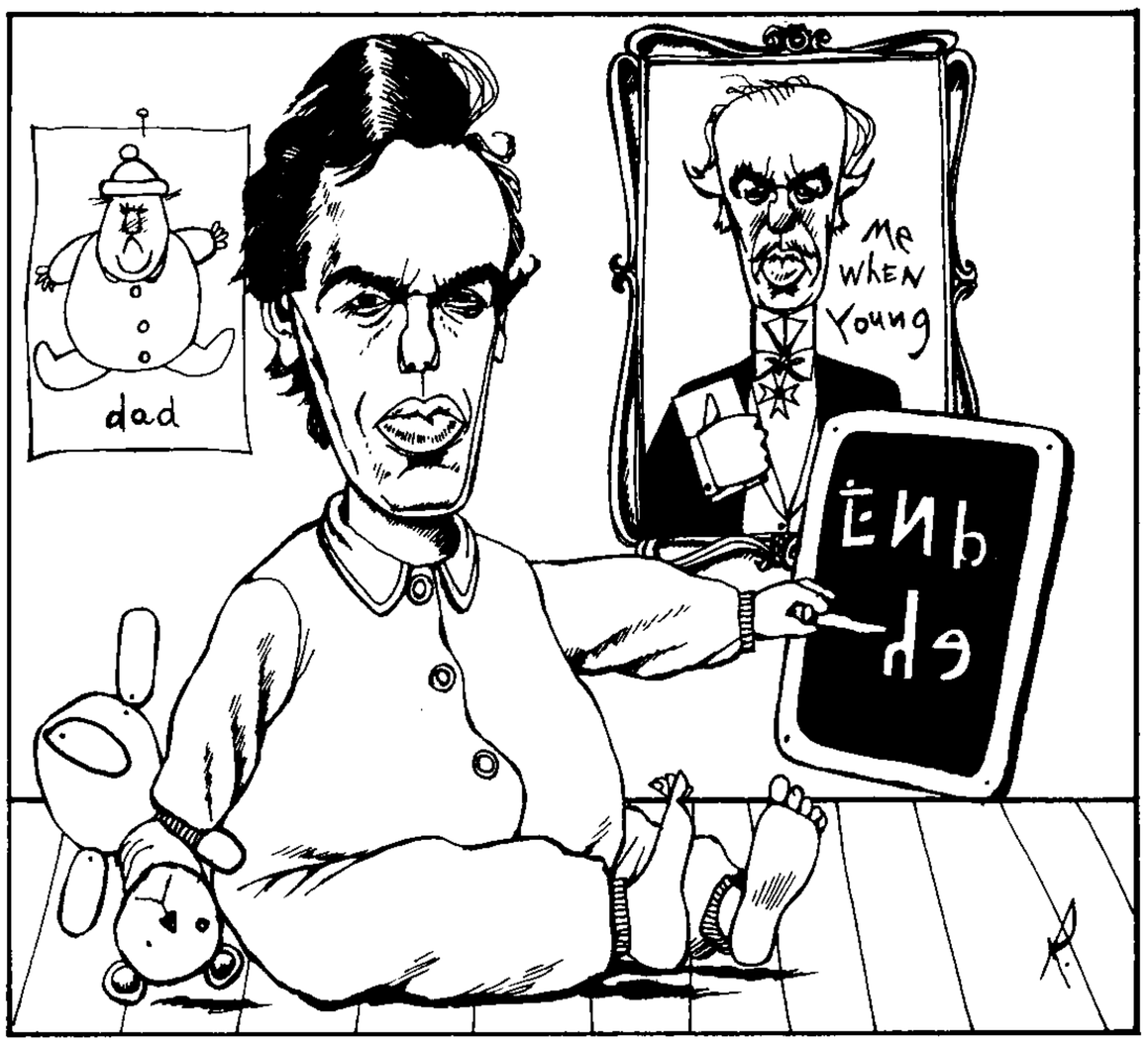
The distinctive feature of *Time's Arrow* — a 40,000 word novella bulked out to standard length and costing an exorbitant fourteen quid — has absorbed many a reviewer. The story of a man's life from grave to cradle, it is written entirely in reverse, though some mild cheating allows Amis to unscramble, or rather translate, the back-to-front conversation.

You see the trick? Tod Friendly, first glimpsed on his deathbed, gets younger by the second. The bewildered intelligence which is recording all this — what seems to be his soul — has trouble keeping up. Life is very puzzling. I mean, think about it. Tod works as a doctor: "Some guy comes in with a bandage around his head. We don't mess about. We'll soon have that off. He's got a hole in his head. So what do we do? We stick a nail in it."

Don't you just love it? Sex, in particular — Tod's frenetic, turbulent love-life — is a scream. Where does it take us? Why, backwards of course, back via conniving intermediaries and name changes to central Europe, the Auschwitz death-camps and a stolid Nazi named Odilo Unverdorben who helps out in the experiment labs and herds Jews into (or rather out of — it *looks* as if the cyanide is actually granting them life) the gas chambers. It's that old Martian device again — the cute perspective, the slantendicular angle — and what does it tell us about man's inhumanity to man? Nothing.

Not a shred of human feeling, not a tremor from the finger pressing the rewind button on the giant cine-camera. Think about it. This is real life. Real people died here. As in Auden's poem about Spain with the throwaway lines about the "necessary murder", you get an impression — the image is from Orwell — of someone playing with fire who doesn't even know that fire burns.

Confronting the horrors of the 20th century is a necessary novelist's task. The books by Waugh and Powell might be very imperfect recreations of 1939-45, but at least they were written by men who had experienced some of its ghastliness at first hand. Amis's experience, naturally enough, is confined to reading the papers and watching the news. Even this, though, shouldn't automatically disqualify him. After all, the very best writers can get by on imaginative sympathy alone — think of what Thackeray, who had never been near a battlefield, manages to do with the aftermath of Waterloo. But here, even here amid the Holocaust, even here among the dying Jews, there is only the customarily cold, reptilian eye.



Books & Bookmen

■ PUBLISHER Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson has circulated a lot of very important people asking them to fill in a questionnaire about their time at public school.

"The authors" of the proposed tome, says his circular, "are Hywel Williams and Tim Devlin, former education correspondent of the *Times*." If the important people respond (as they always do — important people can't resist chattering about their alma mater) there shouldn't be too much work left for Mr Williams and Mr Devlin. Which must be good news for both men. After all, they have other full-time jobs — Mr Williams as a master at Rugby School, and Mr Devlin as Tory MP for Stockton South.

The fact that Devlin is an MP is left out of the Sinclair-Stevenson circular, as is the fact that when he left his job as education correspondent of *The Times*, Mr Devlin went to work for the Independent Schools Information Service — whose only role is to make propaganda for the public schools. Such facts about Mr Devlin, perhaps, might upset those few opponents of public schools who have been asked to fill in the circular.

But who is the driving force behind the book, and who will profit from it? Answers to both questions may be gleaned from the Freepost envelope in which the important people are asked to answer the questionnaire. The envelope is addressed to Angela Devlin, Tim Devlin Enterprises, Freepost, Staplehurst, Tonbridge, Kent.

□ *HAS Barbara Jones's disgusting book on Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper, finally bitten the dust?*

Having been canned by publisher Headline, her other alternative was serialisation in the Sun. But it too has followed the Mail on Sunday and decided to ditch it.

It seems poor Barbara was unable to give sufficient guarantees about forthcoming writs — and that she was asking far too much money. What a surprise!

■ TO THE Groucho Club for the launch of Stephen Fry's novel about lesbian separatists, *The Liar*, where I witness an hilarious gaffe by Fry's delightful sister (and personal assistant), Jo.

Richard Charkin, the managing director of Octopus, whose subsidiary Heinemann is hosting the party, turns up and is introduced to Stephen by Jo as Piers Russell-Cobb, a man whom "Sharkin" sacked as marketing director of Heinemann some 18 months ago.

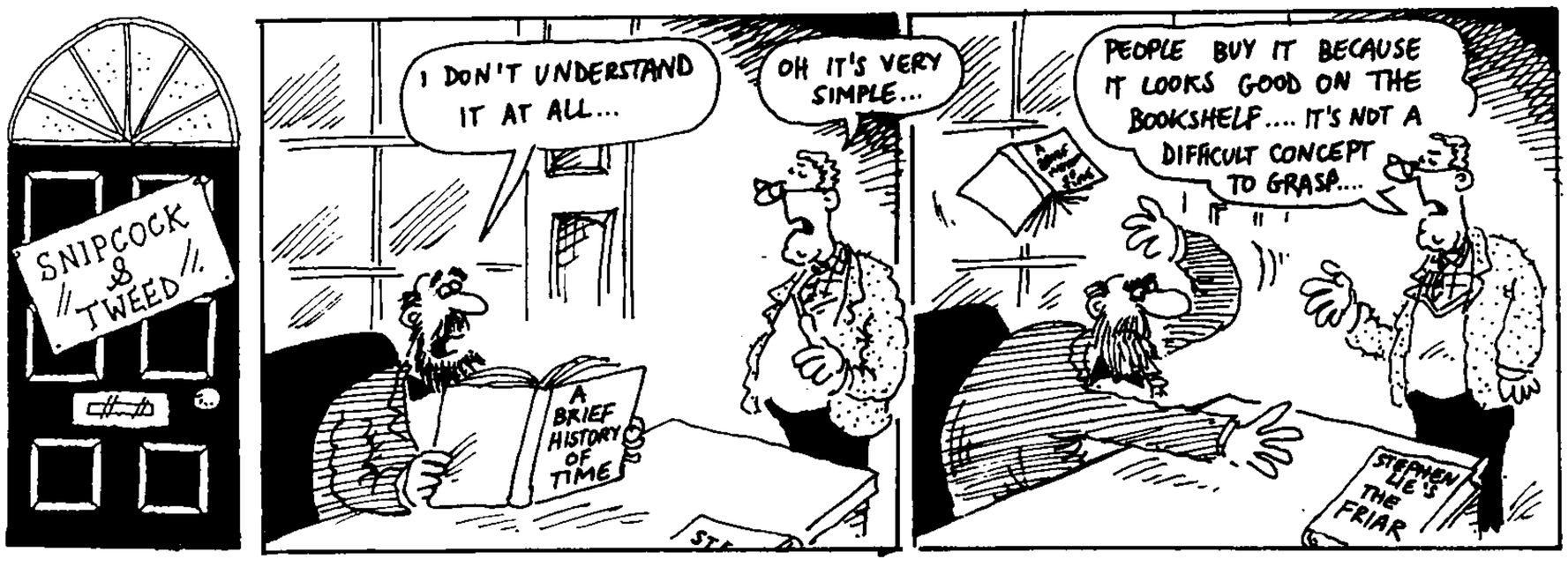
Sharkin's next embarrassment is to find himself face to face with his erstwhile victim, Russell-Cobb. They shake hands, but Russell-Cobb is soon seen to be darting off to the nearest washroom.

□ **WHEN Sonia "Paddington Bear" Land encountered Eddie "Arturo" Bell the other day she was fearlessly direct with him: "Eddie, you bastard. You killed all the bimbos at HarperCollins."**

Eddie protested, denying homicide and asserting that since he'd become chief executive at her old firm it had ceased to employ bimbos.

"No, not bimbos, bimbos", shrieked Sonia, stabbing a finger at the vast containers in Bangkok House where, until the previous weekend when the dead plants were discreetly removed, her beloved bamboos had been planted.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL...
OH IT'S VERY SIMPLE...
A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME
PEOPLE BUY IT BECAUSE IT LOOKS GOOD ON THE BOOKSHELF.... IT'S NOT A DIFFICULT CONCEPT TO GRASP....
STEPHEN LIE'S THE FRIAR

Contragate

Who will rat on mole?

THE US Senate's intelligence committee, currently grilling Robert Gates, President George Bush's CIA nominee for the second time, should begin with the two most obvious questions about Gates.

Why is Bush prepared to risk reopening the whole Contragate can of worms — wherein the president's own role bears little examination? And what, in short, does the Reagan-Bush axis that thrust Gates forward in 1987 owe to the obsequious Gates?

The answer may lie in the 1979-80 US presidential election campaign. Former President Carter has told the *Eye* that he believes there were two moles in his administration working for the Reagan-Bush camp. The first was almost certainly Donald Gregg, currently ambassador to South Korea. And many now believe the second, lesser agent, was Gates himself, first during his time on Carter's national security council and then in 1980 as executive assistant to CIA director-general Stansfield Turner.

Campaign strategy documents were undoubtedly leaked; but the most important contribution of the Reagan moles — almost certainly recruited by the conveniently deceased masterspy William Casey — was to keep the Republicans informed of the Carter team's efforts to negotiate the freedom of the American hostages in Teheran. This enabled Casey to do a deal with the mullahs that prevented Carter springing an "October Surprise" and winning reelection.

That sort of footwork seemed to convince Casey of Gates's potential. Under the former's stewardship of the CIA, Gates leapfrogged scores of peers to become head of the analytical section in 1982 before becoming the CIA's youngest ever deputy director at just 42 in 1986. The following year he was put forward as presidential nominee for the top job when Casey succumbed to a brain tumour.

Bush, it should be recalled, has a habit of becoming bogged down by nomination hearings when trying to look after those who have performed personal services. Remember John Tower? The man who was rewarded with a nomination for defence secretary after keeping Bush's name out of Congress's Contragate investigation was, however, not confirmed by Congress. Gates could go the same way.

The charge about Gates *vis-a-vis* Contragate and the CIA's role in it rests on the management ladder. Casey, Gates's boss, knew. Clair George, the man below Gates in the pecking order at No 3, has just been indicted by a federal grand jury for knowing and lying to Congress. How, it is argued, could Gates possibly not have known? After all, he's supposed to be an intelligence agent!

Gates, of course, did know. A simple check of his testimony to the Tower Commission shows that he admits being told of the illegal diversion of profits from Iranian arms sales (for US hostages) to the contras by CIA analyst Charles Allen on 1 October 1986. "I was startled by what he told me," Gates told the commission. "I told him I didn't want to hear any more about it."

Notes that Oliver North was forced to release during his trial show that he, Casey and Gates, had lunch on 9 October 1986. Gates has adopted an amazing defence even by his own standards: he says he didn't ask North about Allen's revelations. The meeting, he claims, concerned the legal, Congressionally-approved CIA programme to assist the contra rebels.

Not according to North. His notes show Casey concerned about "vulnerabilities if Richard Secord and Southern Air Transport (SAT) become public". Both Secord and SAT were at the heart of North's private support system.

Other records show that Gates knew about the arms for hostages concept before he became deputy director of the CIA. On 5 December 1985 Gates attended a CIA meeting where he was informed that US hostage Benjamin Weir had been released in exchange for "one plane load of arms" but that there had been "nothing for a second planeload". Gates was told that North was "arranging for five planeloads".

Gates has since described the arms-for-hostages deal as "an exchange of bona fides". But if that is not enough to persuade the intelligence committee that Gates has no judgement at all, his role in supplying arms to Iraq should. According to separate affidavits and dispositions from a former Israeli intelligence officer, Ari Ben Menashe, and an international arms dealer, Richard Babayan, Gates was pivotal in the supply of chemical agents and cluster bomb technology to Iraq.

Ben Menashe says he met Gates on several occasions to try to persuade him to halt the supply of such weapons to Iraq through third parties, in particular, the notorious Carlos Cardoen group in Chile. At one such meeting in Santiago, Chile, Gates told Ben Menashe Israel was just being "paranoid".

In the end, Israel resorted to the time-honoured method of bribery. Gates received two cheques totalling US$1.5m. Authorised by the Israeli government, the money was drawn from the National Westminster Bank, processed through the Discount Bank of Israel which ordered its representatives in the Cayman Islands, a Crown colony, to pay issue cheques to a senior CIA bagman, George Cave.

According to Ben Menashe, now described by US senator Alan Cranston as "a credible witness", the process was supervised by a part-time Mossad agent working in what was once the Street of Shame. The same "journalist" had also facilitated payments from Iran for the Hawk missiles and tank parts supplied for hostages.

So it is that even some of the most hardened professional liars at the CIA flinch at the idea of Gates becoming the US's top spy. "Gates? Deceitful, mendacious, smoothly corrupt," was the verdict of one veteran of the clandestine assassination programmes in Vietnam. No wonder Bush is convinced he's found the right man for the job.

Railways

BREL: in a Class 158 of its own

THE SHAMEFUL saga of the privatisation of British Rail Engineering Ltd and the looming fiasco of the Class 165 trains (see last *Eye*) rumbles on.

Peter Holdstock, BREL's chief executive, was sacked for the Class 158 fiasco which culminated in the announcement (as we went to press) that Class 158 — due to be delivered in April 1989 and eventually starting to appear in August 1990 — is to be totally withdrawn by Scotrail, where it was first introduced, and then progressively withdrawn elsewhere.

Class 158 has two fundamental flaws: a lot of the driving motor is contained within the bogie, which is shaking to bits; and a lot of the aluminium bodyshell is simply splitting apart at the seams.

Now the big problem for Scotrail and its hapless commuters is that the ancient, stinking rolling stock that used to replace these modern wonders when they failed to appear has been junked, and Scotrail is busy scouring the nation's scrapyards.

Meanwhile, the entire privatisation question deserves the closest examination. BREL was sold for £17 million (a ridiculously low figure), with 20 percent going to a management/workforce buyout team, 40 percent to Asea Brown Boveri, a Swedish-Swiss engineering group, and 40 percent to the Tory party's old chums, Trafalgar House.

The big question is why an enormous conglomerate like Trafalgar House, with huge interests in the *road* transport and building industries (especially around London), should be interested in BREL. This has led observers to ask whether the reason for Trafalgar House's tiny £6.8 million investment (with the roads lobby behind it) was not to achieve a stranglehold on British Rail, the road lobby's main competitor.

When the really big privatisation comes — that of BR itself — can we expect large parts of it to be bought up by the road lobby to effectively shut it down, just as the railway companies did the canals in the nineteenth century? Surely not.

Channel tunnel

Heading for the drink?

AS THE Channel tunnel moves remorselessly towards a link-up of its three tubes under the seabed, major issues of safety are yet to be resolved, the high speed rail link to London is further away than ever and the City is openly questioning whether the project can avoid going bust. Apart from that, everything is tickety-boo for Eurotunnel.

The looming threat of competition from the tunnel was a major factor in Sealink's decision last week to abandon its service between Folkstone and Boulogne. But the ferry companies are not worried that the tunnel will *triumph*: rather they fear that it will go into liquidation and be bought by another company who, free of Eurotunnel's gigantic £8.5 billion debt burden, really will be able to make it compete.

This has always been an unspoken worry in the City, but now it has been aired publicly by the leading tunnel watcher, Richard Hannah, of Phillips and Drew. He said the biggest fear for the ferries must be if the tunnel goes bust. He noted that one doesn't close a tunnel once it is built: the project would be refinanced and come back cheaper.

As leading critic Dr John Adams, of London University, said: "Someone will acquire it at 2p in the £ or whatever the going rate is. They get out from under most of the capital burden which made it uneconomic. Under present arrangements the tunnel, compared with the ferries, will have high overheads and low running costs — the ferries are the other way round. And if you wave a magic wand and get out from the high overheads, then you are extremely competitive indeed."

Famous last words

THE collapse of the Keith Prowse travel and ticket agency came as a big surprise to its chief executive Paul Burns, who only days before the group went belly up was telling financial hacks that everything was fine.

He denied that the company was in trouble. "You don't know what you're talking about. The suggestion that this company owes money to British Airways is libellous and I shall take action against you if you dare print a word. We owe nobody money. You know nothing, and when I say action I can tell you that we don't use lawyers," said the over excitable Irishman.

In the City see over →

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In the City

THE COLOROLL song may be over, following its collapse into receivership last year, but the memory lingers on in certain circles.

Investigations into the wreckage of the over-expanded home furnishings empire have produced allegations of false invoices and other examples of false accounting.

This information was recently brought to the attention of the Serious Fraud Office, which declined to act on the basis that the amount involved was below its interest level of £2 million.

That does not mean, however, that there may not be further action by other regulatory bodies.

IF JOHN Latsis's close relations with the Greek Colonels did not disqualify him from contributing £2 million to Tory Party coffers, why should a little insider dealing debar Li Kashing from donating £100,000?

Five years ago the prominent Hong Kong financier was censured by a local tribunal for "culpable insider dealing" in relation to an abortive property deal in 1984 involving a Li-controlled company, International City Holding.

Another Li company sold 56 million ICH shares before the deal collapsed. Li was found to have "demonstrably fed relevant information" to the company instead of preventing it dealing in the shares.

Li unsuccessfully appealed against the judgement — the severest penalty then available to the Hong Kong authorities.

After Latsis and Li, how long before the contributions by the Fayeds are revealed?

THE upcoming one-day October conference on "Accountability and the auditor" to be addressed by trade minister John Redwood is a wonderful exercise in mote and beam-style hypocrisy that only lawyers and accountants can justify.

Consider the qualifications of the following speakers:

Michael Fowle of KPMG Peat Marwick McLintock on *The auditor and fraud*. Presumably he will dwell at length on the recent £40 million settlement over the Peats audit of International Signal & Controls, where James Guerin created a £200 million-plus black hole through non-existent contracts. Or maybe Brent Walker where Peats became joint auditors and now it seems the figures don't add up any more.

David Crowther of Price Waterhouse on *Self-Survival — how can the auditor protect himself?* In the case of PW the question is extremely apposite as PW anticipates mega-writs for compensation from depositors in the rogue Bank of Cocaine, Conmen and Impostors where billions in bad, fictitious or illegal loans escaped its eye for years. Nor did PW exactly cover itself with glory over Guinness.

Richard Fleck of lawyers Herbert Smith on *The Tortious duties and liabilities of an auditor*. Fleck — who was waltzed round Egypt by the Fayeds and came back attesting to the phoney Pharaoh's ancient heritage — might perhaps be better turning his attention to the duties of lawyers. Herbert Smith's other prestigious clients have included Barlow Clowes and Mountleigh, where distinctly aggressive interpretations of the law turned out to be for the benefit of their clients but not investors/shareholders.

"*THE Sultan of Berkeley Square* is not the inside story of Polly Peck". So with appropriate modesty declares the publicity for this just published Asil apologia penned by Tim Hindle.

Hindle has two chief qualifications for this pro-Nadir tome, written in *Asil*ikhan (*sic*), from the Cap'n Bob-owned Macmillan. The first is that his wife is Turkish. The second is that he wrote a remarkably ill-informed (Polly Peck was "persecuted" and could be "financially sound") and poorly-timed (the SFO was accused of "over-zealousness") supportive defence of Nadir in *EuroBusiness*, which he edited, shortly before the Sultan was arrested.

The book is no more than a cuttings job — as Hindle himself readily admits in the preface: "It has relied heavily on published material." So much so that there is little if any evidence of original research or even thought. Hardly surprising, therefore, that it contains not one new fact or insight that makes the read worthwhile.

Information comes not from inside but from previous publications, although few are given as the source so as not to expose the paucity of Hindle's contribution. That would have revealed just how little the reader was getting for £16.99.

Quotations from named sources not taken from published interviews are hard to find — not even the Sultan. Instead there are constant attributions to "a friend", "a close friend", "a Turkish friend", "a colleague" or a "close adviser". Not surprisingly, most of these turn out to be favourable.

But what it lacks in insight, the book makes up for in pro-Asil sentiments, explanations and excuses. On a personal level we are told of the "mesmerisingly beautiful eyes" and "kindly smile" of "a poor disadvantaged boy". Did Hindle at least meet his hero?

Nadir, if guilty of anything, was guilty of taking "short cuts". But against that should be put such qualities as "hard work, ambition and a close eye on quality".

The crash last year, under the weight of more than £1 billion in debt which has effectively wiped out the shareholders, was more the fault of others. The Hindle list of suspects includes the City banks and those in Turkey who lent either too much or too little, the non-executive directors and institutional shareholders who failed to exercise control (?) over Nadir's enthusiasm. They — like Hindle — were guilty of being either too unquestioning or too gullible. And of course there are the Greeks, whom Hindle, like Nadir, seems to see behind every setback.

Then there is the SFO which was able to abuse Nadir's civil rights by denying the Sultan the right of silence available to common murderers or rapists. Why this should be so oppressive if all Hindle's hero had to do was tell the truth is not quite clear. Even poor ineffectual Peter Jay is accused of "trial by television" for daring to ask the Sultan: "Are you a crook?" Certainly a question that appears never to have occurred to Hindle.

The Hindle approach is not so much one-sided as simplistic. It omits or glosses over the more substantial reasons for the Polly Peck collapse. There is no examination of the reality behind the supposed profits and investments in Northern Cyprus. There is no material criticism of Nadir. There is no analysis of such crucial matters as the share-dealing that underlies much of the suspicion surrounding Nadir and his associates.

What there is instead is a primer for the defence to distribute to any juror at any future Nadir trial. Shades of Ernest Saunders' *Nightmare*.

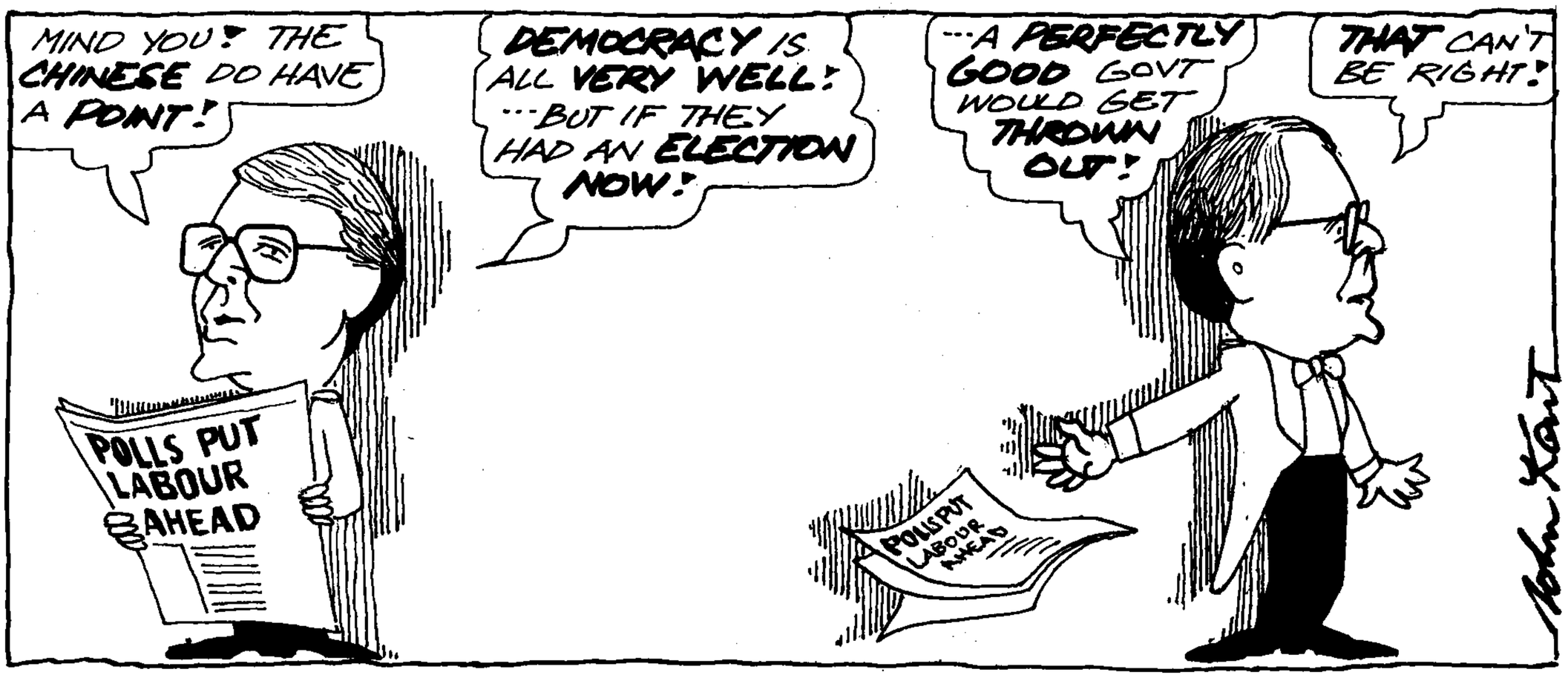
An example: "How many company chairmen in Britain or elsewhere could swear with their hands on their hearts that if accountants and detectives pored over their books for weeks on end they would not find something to charge them with?" Well, those who have nothing to fear.

Hindle's excuse is, as he told the *Sunday Times* before publication: "Anyone claiming to produce the real inside story is on a hiding to nowhere if the lawyers read it." Well, they certainly read the *Sultan of Berkeley Square*.

And they will no doubt also have read the rival version coming shortly from the *Financial Times*'s David Barchard — a man who used to write for Nadir's *Turquoise* magazine and authors a newsletter on events in Turkey. Surely another book that will most certainly tell it like it was not.

AS BRENT WALKER lurches ever nearer the edge, concern grows at Standard Chartered — and not just over the £175-£200 million hit it would take if the leisure group collapses. There is also the potentially embarrassing, if not legally vulnerable, representations and encouragements given to bondholders who put up the £103 million that has been lost since November on a prospectus that may yet form Exhibit One in any prosecution of sacked chairman George "The Accused" Walker.

'Slicker'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THE PUBLISHING EVENT of the year. An exhibition and sale of the work, products and activities of small, independent publishers in Britain. The FOURTH ANNUAL SMALL PRESS FAIR, The Old Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, (near Victoria Station) London. Saturday 28th September 1991, 10am-6pm. Admission FREE.

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THE FRAUD REPORT — a consumer's (or con man's) guide to survival. £12.50 or SAE for details: GOWER PRESS, PO Box 260, Cardiff, CF2 6XT.

CLUE 3: 6000 Preston suspects spat into glass jars so police could observe their teeth as they spat. They were told saliva samples were wanted. The easily identifiable was outside the dragnet. The police were then looking for a tattooed, scarred, stocky, bearded Irishman. Tracey returned to Co. Offaly shortly after his description was published in Yorkshire. "The Real Yorkshire Ripper Revealed", £5.00, NOEL O'GARA, Ballinahowen, Athlone, Ireland.

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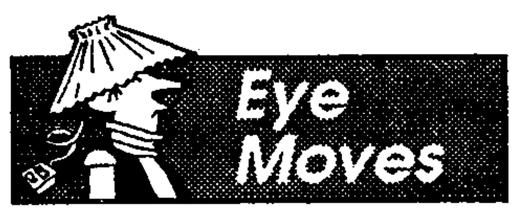

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WILDLY IMAGINATIVE blonde girl, 28, wants stimulus from dark haired creative genius. Nothing too serious but open to interesting offers. Box 3177.

LEAVE YOUR HUSBAND for discreet days at London hotels with successful, kind, 40+ male. Bring humour, adventure and unfulfilled femininity. Write instructions with photo please. Box 3277.

EMILE DE BECQUE, 27, seeks N/S Nellie Forbush for some enchanted evenings and happy talk. Avon to London area. Box 6377.

CARING, PROFESSIONAL male, unhappily tied but otherwise desirable seeks discerning London-based female for discreet affair. Age, colour, background, immaterial. Tolerance, sense of fun preferable. Box 4277.

J. ALFRED PRUFROCK dares disturb the Universe! Single male, late 20s, crying out in den of mediocrity, seeks intelligent, wild and zany mermaid for warmth and romance. Sense of humour essential. Box 4377.

OLDER WOMAN, 44, with bicycle, seeks younger man, with own transport. Please send photo of transport. London area. Box 4477.

WORKAHOLIC RESEARCH scientist, realising life's passing him by seeks female with aversion to discos for quiet drinks, hopefully leading to candlelight dinners. Photo appreciated. London. Box 4577.

FEMALE, 37, battered but unbowed. Attractive (the scars are psychological), bright and Left Wing. Seeking man (30-45) with integrity, sense of humour and good conversation. Herts/Bucks/N. London. Box 4677.

LOVING LADY, very attractive, 44, many interests, especially classical music, the Arts, gardening, history, needs lovely man for long term relationship. N.W. Surrey. Box 4777.

SENSUOUS, PASSIONATE, intellectual woman (36) looking for cuddles and lots more. Scotland. Box 4877.

SUCCESSFUL, SINGLE mum, 34, tall, brunette, working silly shifts in London. Help! Letter and photo guarantees reply. Don't procrastinate. Box 4977.

GOODLOOKING, SENSUAL, vibrant, unconventional Yorkshire-based male, 40, seeks warm, shapely, beautiful and sexual woman for passionate and erotic relationship. Photo/phone. Box 5077.

GRADUATE MALE songwriter, (23) Bucks area, goodlooking, romantic, honest, with literary interests seeks highly individual, nature-loving female. Box 5177.

MALE, 44, landowner, fed up with superficial tarts, seeks real woman for real relationship. Brighton. Box 5277.

EDUCATED LONDON male, 31, seeks sensual, attractive, N/S chick to share limited free time, pillion rides, love and maybe more. Photograph please. Box 5377.

PROFESSIONAL, caring, attractive, Christian divorcee, seeks similar tall gentleman, age 55-65 for lifelong commitment. Photograph appreciated. Box 5477.

MALE, HANDSOME and successful, seeks tall, attractive, interesting and intelligent, fit 33-40 beauty with interesting lifestyle. Box 5577.

GRADUATE SCOTSMAN, 27, tall, athletic, seeks girl — South Wales/Bristol for fun/love. Box 5677.

UNCONVENTIONAL MALE, 30s, living West Wales, seeks female companion for cuddles etc. Box 5777.

ATTRACTIVE, MALE graduate, 35, tall, slim, ambitious, hedonistic, domineering, also sensitive seeking pretty, intelligent, broadminded female, 18-32, for fun-filled relationship. Photo/phone. ALA. London/anywhere. Box 5877.

FUNKY FORTYSOMETHING female graduate, Midlands, seeks high-powered, yet caring, man crazy about cinema, travel, stimulating conversation, Nordic skiing and hutting. Box 5977.

FEMININE, fun-loving blonde, professional, 32, bored with the seriousness of it all, seems similar-minded male, 28-42, to rescue her from this. Photos please. Box 6077.

WARM, PRETTY, lively woman, forties, seeks charming, cultured, tall man to share humour, artistic interests, evenings out in London and romance. Box 6177.

SHEFFIELD MALE, 38, tall, slim, seeks female equivalent for long walks, long drinks, long nights. Box 3377.

YOUNG HAL (30) seeks Kate for Stratford rendezvous. Box 6277.

COTSWOLDS/S. WARKS. Male, gentle, warm, caring, humorous, divorced, early 60s. Fit and active. Would love to have a warm, witty, well educated, vivacious and elegant lady to share the good things in life. Busy social life, fine food/wine, opera, theatre, shooting, country life, travelling and friendship. Box 6477.

NOTTS/DERBY. Wonderful wild woman needs man with gentleness, brains, passion and fun for laughter, beers and more to keep her insane. Uptight, overweight Tories over 40 need not bother! Box 6577.

YOUNG (30), handsome graduate seeks intelligent, adventurous older woman. Phone and photo. Discretion assured. Box 6677.

ATTRACTIVE, voluptuous, professional, educated female seeks single, successful, educated male, any age. Box 6777.

BORING, ARGUMENTATIVE, stubborn, unconventional man, 36, with many prejudices, also a foreign accent, seeks congenial female in the hope that they may find cure for awkward silences, alternatively to get depressed together. Photo of good-lookers will be retained. London/South East. Box 6877.

CLASSY BLONDE, slim, sophisticated, financially independent seeks tall, affluent, businessman, 38-48 to share exciting lifestyle. Cheshire. Box 6977.

MISERABLE AESTHETE, 36, Essex, seeks imperfect woman. Box 7077.

THIS IS IT! I want to settle down a bit but can't find the right combination of brains, bimbo and style. Handsome "hunk", 34, 6'4", athletic, affluent, with career, seeks very attractive, slim, flirty female, 23-32, N/S, for lasting romance and passion. Photo please. ALA. Box 10077.

PASSIONATE LOVEJOY seeks female partner with keen eye and cute tail. Send picture for immediate appraisal. Box 11177.

SOMERSET STALLION seeks Western Super Mare. Box 11277.

NICE GUY. 32, single, slim, non-macho, sceptical rather than cynical. Blessed with intellect, charm and incisive wit, but starved of affection. Seeks long-term relationship with compatible female who values laughter, honesty and intimacy. E. Anglia/anywhere. ALA. Box 10277.

DOCTOR, MALE, 30, tall, attractive, seeks sensual female up to 45. Box 10377.

HANDSOME MAN, 28, 6'4", terribly shy, needs seduction by attractive, caring woman. South East. Box 10577.

COUNTRY LOVING male, 28, (London-based) professional, considered attractive, public school, seeks intelligent, lively female, 24-32, who probably wouldn't respond to this chat up line. Photo appreciated. Let that impulsive streak out! Box 10677.

42 YEAR OLD man on desolation row: seeks sad eyed lady of the Lowlands (any Sara considered). Box 10777.

MALE UNDERGRADUATE (20) seeks older woman, Birmingham. Photo? Box 10877.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, unhappy in home life. 27, tall, slim, fit, good looking, visits Manchester monthly on business, company flat. Is there an attractive, slim lady, 25-45, who would like to socialise with me. Discretion assured. Box 10977.

AUTHOR/HUMORIST, 50, energetic, incorrigible romantic, bon viveur, suddenly weary of serial/simultaneous liaisons and complications, longs for permanent relationship with intelligent woman, younger, thinner and occasionally even dottier than he is. London. Box 11077.

CONSIDERATE, SUCCESSFUL, attractive male, 45, 5'11", whose family ties are eased by material success, a sense of humour, and a compliant partner, seeks a female friend who also needs occasionally to escape from the rigours of life. Box 7277.

VIVACIOUS SPARKING blonde, 32, blue eyes, slim and sexy, wishes to meet a successful gentleman, perhaps with own company, for genuine friendship or discreet liaisons. Letter assures reply. Scotland/Anywhere. Box 8677

ARE YOU AN independent, attractive woman? 35+? Professional male, 24, 6'1", warm, understanding, London based. Discretion assured. Box 8777.

NAUGHTY TOM CAT, 29, enjoys excitement, fun, decadence. Graduate, 6ft, dark, seeks similar intelligent, long-legged kitten with nine lives, spirit and a smile. Midlands/anywhere. Photo. Box 8877.

PROFESSIONAL classical musician, 24, non-wimp type seeks black lady for friendship. Box 8977.

ATTRACTIVE, erudite, Surrey gentleman, 48, seeks friendly, intelligent, adventurous, young girlfriend to indulge. Exotic holiday a start? Photo, phone appreciated. Box 9077.

INTERESTING MAN, fit and 40, with charm and intelligence seeks lively, lovely lady. Box 9177.

TALL, SINCERE, attractive single male, 30, graduate, seeks passionate fun, with slim female. New to E. Mids. Box 9277.

MALE, 36, non-smoker, honest, kind nature, slightly overweight, seeks female non-smoker, all ages for friendship only. Hobbies are cinema, aerobics, chess, fringe theatre. Brixton SW9. Photos exchanged. Box 9377.

ATTRACTIVE, independent man, 32, seeks similar lady for fun, company, maybe more. Photo please. Hants area. Box 9477.

ARE YOU AN otherwise happily married lady, over 30, who would enjoy a "sometimes man" — for an exciting, multi-orgasmic, deeply satisfying sexual relationship? Millionaire businessman, 45, tall, dark and "nearly, but not quite, handsome", educated, intelligent, discreet, reliable, workaholic, married to his work, would love to hear from you. Ideally, you enjoy an unhurried, multi-orgasmic relationship, you love to be adored and positively prefer the older man as a lover. Absolute discretion assured. Daytime get-togethers for "passion and ecstasy" possible if evenings inconvenient. Photo if possible. Phone number absolutely essential for initial discreet daytime contact. Is anybody there? Box 9577.

TALL, HANDSOME, professional British Indian man. 30. Unhappily tied, seeks attractive female, 20-49, for caring, uncomplicated, daytime relationship. Wining/dining etc. London. Box 9677.

PRETTY WOMAN. Handsome, professional, 41, seeks tall, slim, really gorgeous lady, 18-32, for discreet, exciting relationship, long term. Previous companion now married. Photo/phone no. essential. London only. Box 9777.

NICE CHAP, 32 (looks younger), seeks (brainy?) female company for laughs/love. Devon/Cornwall. Photo helps. Box 9877.

SKIING, Cervinia Feb 23. Professional man (50) seeks female companion. Box 9977.

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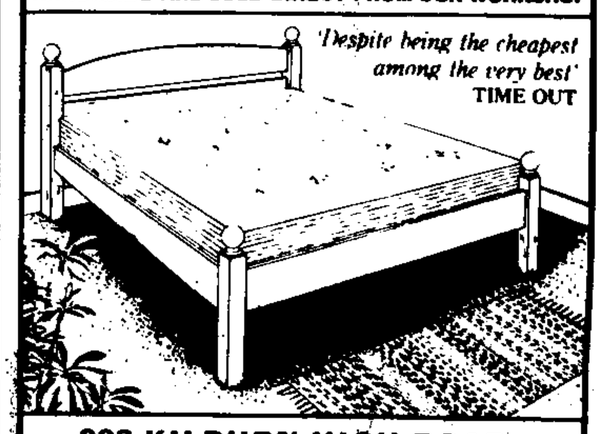

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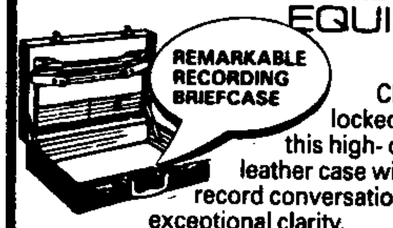

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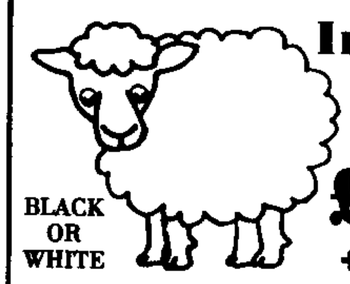

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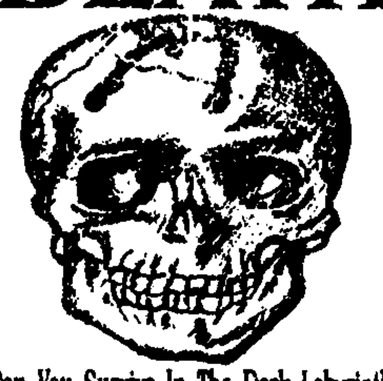

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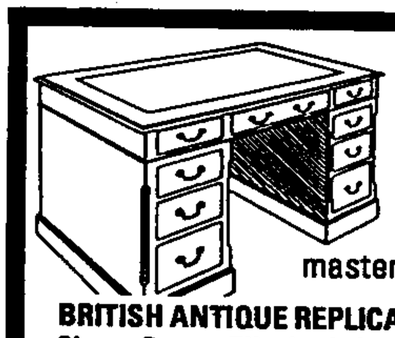

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